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The League of Nations

Geneva's Present Problems

By the Rt. Hon. ANTHONY EDEN, M.P.

Part of a talk broadcast by the Lord Privy Seal from Geneva on September 10, the opening day of the fifteenth Assembly of the League of Nations

ONE of the most important matters that may be expected to come before the Assembly this year will be the question of Russia joining the League. Under the Covenant of the League of Nations the admission of a new State must be agreed to by two-thirds of the Assembly. In every instance when there is a question of a new member joining the League, a certain amount of preliminary negotiation is, therefore, clearly necessary. Such negotiations are now going on. In these circumstances you will not expect me to attempt to give any detailed account of their progress, but we are hopeful that they may be successfully concluded before long.

Some of the League's work is of a technical nature, and is carried on continuously with but little publicity. There are, for instance, within the League organisations for dealing with subjects such as Public Health and the prevention of disease, the welfare of children, and the suppression of the drug traffic. All these are on a world-wide basis. Financial and economic questions have also to be dealt with, particularly in respect of those countries which have received loans through the League or which

have asked for the League's help in solving their difficulties. All these organisations give an account of their work at the Assembly in September.

It is then that the representatives of the Governments which, by their common membership of the League, have made these beneficent world-wide activities possible for the first time in human history meet together. It is then that the activities of the past year are reviewed and the plans for the coming year are debated and decided. But quite apart from these, there are always a number of important political issues, and the Assembly constitutes an opportunity for any delegate to raise before that body in plenary session any question falling within the scope of the League's work in any quarter of the world.

The Choice Before the World

The words 'peace' and 'international co-operation' have been used so glibly and so often in connection with Geneva that people have come to doubt whether there can be any reality behind them. I myself am convinced that there is. In the last resort the world will have to choose whether it will be governed by reason or by force. The expression of reason is the machinery of consultation: that is, the League of Nations. The machinery of force

is armaments. It is too much, no doubt, to expect that in one generation the rule of reason can be made to prevail the world over, and the machinery of consultation be so perfected as to meet all the strains and stresses that may be laid upon it. But that we must persist until reason does prevail, and until the machinery of international co-operation is perfected, there can be no doubt.

In years gone by, within the territory of a single State internal order was not easily established; even now it is not always everywhere maintained. International order offers even greater problems. But they must be solved, for in a world that grows smaller every year there can be neither peace nor prosperity otherwise.

The League's Achievements

The League has had a chequered career; nor is it surprising that we should hear more of its failures than of its successes. As Shakespeare says of all 'good deeds passed': they are the scraps 'which are devoured as fast as they are made; forgot as soon as done'. Nor are these all—for some of the most important of the League's successes can never, in their nature, be known at all. A troublous incident which bears within it the germ of a future war may be dealt with at an early stage when but few could foresee the dangers that lurk beneath its insignificant exterior. When the League does its work really well it not only solves difficulties—it forestalls them.

There are yet other achievements which will never be credited to the League. I mean those evils which it has prevented by the mere fact of its existence. No-one can say what the world would have been like now had the League never been created, but he would be a bold man who would assert that it would have been a better world than that we live in today.

In conclusion I will tell you something of the League's achievements in the past year. We can record the definite conclusion—mainly through the instrumentality of the League—of a dispute between the South American States

of Colombia and Peru. We can record also the settlement by the Council of the League, in agreement with both the French and German Governments, of the main lines to be followed in conducting the plebiscite which is to be held in the Saar Territory next January. Even in the case of the war still unfortunately going on between the South American States of Bolivia and Paraguay, some progress has been made towards the arrest of hostilities by the organisation—largely on the initiative of the Government of the United Kingdom—of an embargo upon the export of arms and munitions of war to the two belligerents. This is the first occasion upon which an attempt of this kind has been organised upon a scale which is virtually world-wide. Its outcome will be watched with a special interest by all believers in international effort in the cause of peace. Despite the difficulties inevitably inherent in a first attempt, it is clearly all to the good that the attempt should have been made.

No Cause for Despair

Events have moved swiftly in the world since the Assembly of the League met last September. The international situation has, I am afraid we must admit, become more difficult and more involved even than it was then. But, anxious as the situation is, there is no cause for despair. It would be, I think, right to say that the distinguishing feature of the present international situation is not so much its desperate as its fluid character. We are passing through a period of transition which is actively continuous, and sometimes violent; but the very fact of movement is, in itself, an element of hope, for it is precisely when conditions are in that fluid state that opportunities for leadership and direction occur.

In the midst of these difficulties, therefore, His Majesty's Government will continue to support the League and to endeavour to strengthen and extend its influence. With its help we shall strive to build up a braver and a more settled future.

What I Like in Art—XIII

The Toilet, by Rembrandt

By ROGER FRY

THE picture by Rembrandt in the Louvre to which I have given the title 'The Toilet', for reasons which will appear later, must be known to many of my readers*. There are many interesting things about this picture, and if I begin by saying that it is square you may think I am stating what is the least important fact about it. But this is not so. Square pictures are really very uncommon and for the simple reason that it is peculiarly difficult to make a good composition in a square. In any other rectangle but a square the artist is helped at once to find the dominant direction which will be either upright or horizontal according to the way he turns his canvas. But in a square, vertical and horizontal lines will tend to compete and destroy the sense of unity which is essential to our pleasure in any design. And the curious thing is that here it would be difficult to say whether we feel most the vertical or the horizontal pull, so that we should expect to be confused, and yet I feel that the unity is somehow satisfactory. It is difficult to say quite how that is done. I think it is partly done by the opposition of two main answering curves—one goes round the model's left thigh and is continued, by a subtle device, into the marked edge of the brocaded drapery on the bed behind, and this curve is echoed by the line of the

stomach; the other is the curve that defines the left arm and is carried through into the head. These curves seem to hold our attention fixed on the nude figure, and this was clearly for Rembrandt the main interest. He has set about painting one of the completest, most intensely realised representations of a nude figure seen strongly illuminated against a dark background that has ever been achieved.

Rembrandt was not, I think, very much interested in what is usually called beauty. Whether a person or a thing was beautiful or ugly in itself did not interest him very much because he was so excited by what happens whenever light falls on a solid object, by all the complicated irradiations and reflections which that situation reveals that, for him, almost every lighted object was an inexhaustible wonder and delight. None the less he liked best those objects where the play of light and shade produced the richest and most intriguing effects. He loved, therefore, metallic surfaces or the still richer effects of gilt and silk brocades, as you can see in the background of this picture, where all the glitter and gloom of an old rich brocade is painted at once with minute detail and great breadth of effect, so that we are never distracted by the detail.

* I fear that only those who do know the original or have access to a really good photograph or photogravure will be able to make much of the remarks that follow. All pictures suffer a good deal from the half-tone process which has to be employed in papers like THE LISTENER, but Rembrandt's work, depending, as it does, upon the effect of infinitely subtle gradations of tone, suffers more perhaps than any other. The present reproduction gives no idea of the transparent depths of gloom behind the figure, the figure itself has been terribly flattened out, only a small fraction of the modulations having survived, and there is no suggestion of the handling of the linen cloth in the right foreground which in the original is of transcendent beauty. In fact one sees here only a ghost of the original work.



The Toilet, by Rembrandt

Photograph: Giraudon

But of all substances human flesh responded to light in the way that fascinated Rembrandt most. Its power of reflecting light so strongly as to make it seem at times to radiate light; its nacreous pallor which makes it sensitive to the faintest reflected light in the shadows; and perhaps most of all its complicated structure by reason of which the surface is modulated in every part—these were the qualities that so excited and thrilled Rembrandt that he could never stop painting, these were the qualities that he has expressed so marvellously in the Louvre picture.

Perhaps it was all the better for Rembrandt's purposes that his model was not a type of classic beauty, certainly not a modern athletic girl with well trained muscles and firm flesh. Her flesh is, indeed, just a little flaccid and relaxed everywhere, but that, I think, gave Rembrandt his fullest opportunities. See, for instance, with what delight he has followed the ever-changing contour of the model's left arm, here coming to an almost definite edge where the flesh covers the bone less, and there fading off into the background with imperceptible gradations—and yet with all this variety how simple and strong the general effect is, how clearly we feel the slight pressure on the hand even in this relaxed pose. Or see again how perfectly he has realised the effect of gravity on the torso, which falls, as it were, for support on the pelvis, or with what delight he has followed the subtle modelling round the breast

with all its incessant changes of direction and illumination. And with all this how large and simple the whole effect is, how easily the eye follows all these sequences. Rembrandt has achieved here one of the greatest triumphs of art, namely, to express in terms of evident simplicity all the infinity and complexity of nature, its essential concreteness. It shows us, too, what a crude and elementary affair is simplicity, as it is understood by some modern artists, as a kind of geometrical abstraction compared with this simplicity which is the crowning result of an intense and impassioned contemplation of the inexhaustible visual material of natural forms.

One of the reasons why Rembrandt could attain unity in a figure like this was his profound intuitive understanding of human nature. It is, I think, impossible to attain a perfectly harmonious and consistent movement in any part of a figure merely by external observation and description, however accurate. The last subtleties of the direction of a limb or the inclination of a head upon which such a harmony depends will almost certainly slip through such an observer's net. It is only by understanding a pose, as it were from within, and by a sympathetic imagination of the state of mind it expresses, that this last refinement, on which all depends, can be attained.

Here, I think, everyone will feel that the pose is completely established, that the tensions and relaxations throughout the figure are the result of a single consistent mood, that all

emanate from one mental state. And this leads us to the questions of the title of the picture which I have called 'The Toilet', and which is really called 'Bathsheba'. I have done this on purpose because for a great many years I stopped before this picture and looked at it with ever-increasing delight without ever bothering to read the label. When at last I did, I saw that Rembrandt had, besides painting a marvellous nude study, told a story. Bathsheba holds in her hand a proposal from King David, and whilst her old servant is busy washing and drying her feet she is pondering what she has just read and the decision trembles in the balance, though no one could doubt which way it will ultimately go. It is a moment of poignant psychological interest, of which the anxious eyebrows and the relaxed right hand give us a hint in a way that only Rembrandt could have done.

This raises an interesting question. Let us admit that a full understanding of the picture demands that we should feel both the psychological motive and the plastic one. Yet my own ex-

perience shows that one can enjoy intensely the plastic and pictorial appeal of this picture without ever becoming conscious of the psychological situation. When I do, I get another shock of pleasure, but do the two pleasures combine into a single more intense feeling or do they remain separate? That is a question which I have never quite been able to answer.

Both psychologically and formally the servant is an accessory figure, but one which assists in the formal unity as well as having great beauty in its subordinate way.

Who shall say whether the point of departure, the fundamental inspiration here, was the Bible story as Rembrandt read it or the sight of his mistress's nude figure? I would hazard a guess here that it was the latter, though often enough in Rembrandt's work one cannot doubt that the dramatic theme was the point round which his vision crystallised. But from whichever angle Rembrandt did or we ourselves do approach the total unity it cannot fail of its profound appeal.

Flying Down to Rio

By Colonel P. T. ETHERTON

An account of a record passenger flight from London to Buenos Aires in 4½ days

FLYING down to Rio by aeroplane and in the world's largest airship, covering a distance of 7,700 miles from London in 3½ days, is a real thrill in the realm of adventure.

I flew from London to Friedrichshafen in Germany on the Saturday, and at once went to the shed where the famous airship was waiting to come out for her fifty-second crossing of the Atlantic. The ground crew were standing by, and at a signal she was run out on the line of rails into the open, and went up into the darkness so quietly that there was no feeling of any movement. You only realised that you had left the ground by looking out of the windows. Then there was just a faint noise as the engines began to turn over, and she went forward quite silently, but gathering speed all the time.

The giant airship is most impressive, 776 feet long, with an over-all diameter of 113 feet. If it were placed on end, it would reach to twice the height of St. Paul's Cathedral.

She moves at a steady 65 miles an hour, with an almost entire absence of noise, because the engines are placed away back, so that the sound of them is carried to the rear. We rose to a height of 800 feet and headed for the south. In the meantime, fourteen passengers were getting acquainted over a good supper from the small tables by the wide-open windows, from which you get views of the passing world below, the outline of rivers, and splashes of light over towns and villages.

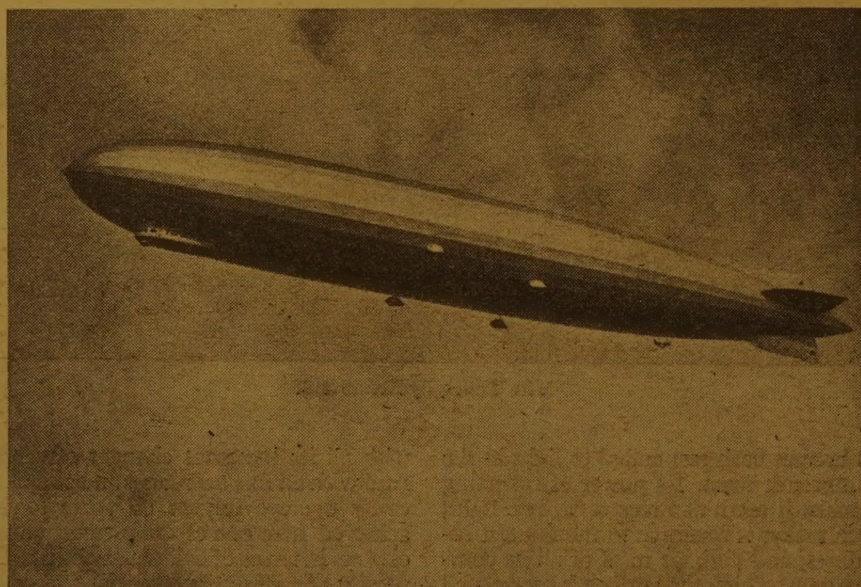
A Week-End Trip to South America

There is a choice of ways to South America. You can go by steamer, but it takes twenty-one days; it took the old explorers of the fifteenth century months to get there. By

airship in 1934, it is a different matter, because travel by air has a freedom and fascination unknown on the ground. The land is restricted, but the air is everywhere, and is free. You feel as though you are on the magic carpet of the Arabian Nights, which takes you in sixty-two hours over two continents and the Atlantic Ocean to Brazil. It seemed like a race with time, for we left London after breakfast on Saturday morning, at ten o'clock on Sunday morning we were over Gibraltar, and half-an-hour later were going majestically,

and at a height of about four hundred feet, above Tangier, where it began to get decidedly warmer.

All day Sunday we were looking down on North Africa, going over the western edge of the Sahara Desert, which seems like a continent of sand hot enough to burn shoe leather. Seen from the airship, it just looked like a vast shimmering expanse of sand and sand dunes, and we could see men with camels watching us. They were probably the Tuaregs, who are the real wanderers and



The first stage of the journey, from Berlin to Pernambuco, was made in the *Graf Zeppelin*, Germany's famous passenger airship

By courtesy of 'Luftschiffbau Zeppelin'

fighters in the desert, and are said to be afraid of nothing but thirst. A long way off we could see what looked like a caravan, moving south in the direction of Timbuctoo.

We left Africa in the evening and before dark were right out over the Atlantic, and on Monday morning I woke up to find we were near the Equator. About five in the afternoon we passed over St. Paul's Island, a grim-looking rock in the Atlantic, where the British Government have stored a supply of food for shipwrecked people.

At daylight on Tuesday morning the steward came and told me we were near Pernambuco in Brazil, and when I looked out there was just the kind of shore we read of in the story-books. I had never seen such lovely sand, with the waves coming in in long rollers, and some surf boats riding on the



Flying through the great canyons of the Andes which are full of down-draughts such as Colonel Etherton describes



Rio harbour seen from the airship

Photograph: 'Luftschiffbau Zeppelin'

crest. The beach was covered with coconut trees; they came right down to the edge, for I was told the coconut is only happy when within sound of the sea. There was tremendous excitement amongst the people down below, who were waving and shouting to us; the engines slowed down and the airship glided very quietly over the old Portuguese part of the town, and then over the native settlement of little thatched huts, to a mooring mast beyond. We came to earth as gracefully as a seagull settling on the water.

From Summer to Winter

At Pernambuco I left the airship and went on board a Condor seaplane. It took off within an hour of my arrival, and I flew in it over sixteen hundred miles to Rio de Janeiro, where I arrived late that night. For hundreds of miles we were flying only thirty feet above the water, and moving at 130 miles per hour. We roared over little Indian camps and settlements, where the people waved and cheered at us. Twice we landed in quiet creeks, and curious natives came to view the flying machine, and although they have long lived in contact with civilisation, they make propitiatory offerings of food to the strange monster.

At 9.30 that night we landed in Rio Harbour, stayed for an hour or so, and flew on to Montevideo, where I arrived at 8.30 p.m. on Wednesday. The seasons were reversed; it was winter here, and it would be dark in an hour's time. Was it possible to make Buenos Aires, more than a hundred miles away, that night? The pilot and I thought so, although we knew there were no facilities for night landings in the harbour of Buenos Aires. However, we took off in a breakneck attempt to reach our destination, with only forty minutes of daylight left.

It was pitch dark when we came over Buenos Aires, that vast city with innumerable lights, and dark patches where the water was. We circled around, looking for a safe spot on which to alight. They were thrilling moments, because we would swoop down and then find a huge steamer, or a barge, in the way, and so had to soar upwards again in the nick of time, and have another shot. This happened several times, until at last we found what appeared to be a clear run, and on this we alighted and taxied for six miles through the shipping and buoys. The marvel was that we didn't hit anything, but the pilot of the seaplane knew his job, and brought me safely to the quay, where numerous officials and press men were waiting to greet me. There they told me that in coming from London to Buenos Aires in 4½ days, I had set up a world's record for a passenger flight.

Air-Pockets in the Andes

I stayed a couple of days in Buenos Aires and then flew over eight hundred miles across the Pampas, the plains of the Argentine, where I saw immense herds of cattle, who provide most of the world's bully beef. I was making for Mendoza, where I was to take off for the flight across the Andes, and by Aconcagua, the highest mountain on the American continent.

The Andes are noted for their cross winds and down currents, in which we were soon to be caught. About half-an-hour after taking off we were right above the main range, at a height of nearly twenty thousand feet. At this altitude we made a bee-line flight, high enough to clear all save the loftiest peaks. We had been flying for ten to fifteen minutes in dense clouds; suddenly we shot out of them and a serrated line of peaks came into view. To the north there appeared more white peaks over the shoulder of Aconcagua, the highest point in the Andes. Now we were flying along Aconcagua, so immense that it seemed we should hardly clear the sides. But our engines took us up and we flashed past the great ice cliffs. I looked on at the appalling vision, and then, suddenly, I felt the plane sink at a terrific pace beneath me; I actually shot out of my seat and hit the roof, then another great gust seized the machine, which dived down perhaps four hundred feet in a second or two.

The pilot righted her with amazing skill, but for all our 115 miles of speed we appeared to make no headway. Turning in big curves we cleared those stupendous ice cliffs and then through gorges of black rock and ice slopes until we got out of the maelstrom of mountains and saw before us the plains of Chili, and beyond them the Pacific Ocean. It was a sight which no one could ever forget, and even if life held no other thrill than this, still it were enough.

Cow to Can—in One Hour

Slowly we came down to Santiago, where I stayed a while before returning over the Andes to Buenos Aires. There I visited a *frigorifico*, a vast collection of sheds and buildings where a good deal of the world's canned beef is prepared. The cattle are in pens covering over fifty acres, whence they pass through huge swimming and disinfectant baths into a narrow passage, moving along this one by one. It slopes slightly upwards, and as they emerge they are painlessly killed, the carcass is seized by machinery, hoisted on to a moving rail, and by stages it passes along until at the end, a matter of an hour or so, it appears in bully beef tins all ready for export!

From Buenos Aires I flew north for 1,500 miles to San Paulo, but 240 miles out we were beaten by dense fog; it was impossible to see where we were going. There was nothing for it but to fly blindly until the fog lifted a little, and we saw we were right out at sea. A forced landing on the water was made and only by the greatest good fortune were we able to take off and reach Monte Video, a hundred miles further back, to have another try next day. In this we were successful and reached San Paulo two days later, halting the night on the way.

Research on Snake Bites

At San Paulo, among other things, I was taken to see a snake clinic where hundreds of poisonous snakes, large and small, were in an open enclosure with a small moat and low smooth walls round it. I was shown the effects of snake bite and the efforts being made to combat it. A man walked amongst this mass of crawling reptiles, threw them about with a prong, whilst they made lightning darts at his legs which were covered with leather gaiters. It was a horrifying sight, but I was told that it was quite safe as snakes never bite higher than the knee.

From San Paulo I flew on to Rio de Janeiro, one of the world's wonder spots. Although I have visited all the most famous harbours I have seen nothing to equal Rio for setting, beauty, and grandeur.

One day we went out eighty miles into the interior, and I saw what ants can do in the South American jungles. They move in vast hordes that no living thing can withstand. Like leaders in this line of destroyers march the biggest ants, an inch long, and with such sharp-pointed hooks for jaws that they have to hold their heads up. The people desert their houses and the ants go through them, clearing out everything. The smaller wild animals, rats and so on, seem to know instinctively when the ants are coming, and make for safety.

At Rio de Janeiro I boarded the airship again for Europe. We flew over the island of Fernando Noronha, a Devil's Island, where criminals and murderers are sent. Dr. Eckener told me that he passed over the island because it brought a ray of sunlight, as it were, and some distraction to these prisoners in their lonely gaol far out in the Atlantic.

Steadily we flew northwards, over Africa again, and along the coast of Spain to Barcelona, where the first experiment ever tried of dropping mail bags from an airship was made. It was done with a parachute, and I watched it make an excellent landing, and the man walked off with it on his back. This is how letters will be delivered in the near future.

On Lake Constance I ended my aerial voyage of four weeks during which I had flown 17,400 miles over land and sea, and visited four of the largest republics in South America.

Science Notes

Gliding and Meteorology—Accidental or Significant?

ON the eighth of this month a new British record for duration in gliding was established near Thirsk in Yorkshire by Mr. J. Laver. With an old repaired sail-plane which had been bought damaged in Germany he succeeded in keeping in the air for twelve hours and twenty-one minutes, for most of the time at a height of less than a thousand feet. The previous duration record in this country was seven hours and twenty-two minutes. These records are not important; they depend much more on place and weather than on the merits of the man in the sail-plane. In the tropics up-currents are, of course, much more powerful than in this country; in a land wind in Brazil German gliders have had no difficulty in rising to 5,000 feet and in going occasionally to 10,000. In this country heights like these are rare. The really interesting thing is that every year more people are travelling in the air in this novel way, getting higher, getting further, getting more fun out of the wind. In 1920, at the first gliding competition in Germany, the record flight was just over a mile in distance and less than two-and-a-half minutes in time. In 1922, the distance record had risen to six miles, and by 1930 to sixty miles. This year the whole of the way from Dunstable to the coast near Hunstanton, just under a hundred miles, was done by gliding.

By a happy coincidence the issue of *Nature* of the same day contained an interesting account by Sir Gilbert Walker of the meteorological conditions which make gliding possible. This article answers many of the questions which those who are beginning to be interested in the technical side of this new recreation feel inclined to put. The sport began in the haphazard, trial-and-error way in which most new activities do, with a little flying technique, a little knowledge of meteorology and a great love of adventure. Now, increasingly, gliders are learning what meteorologists can teach them, while the latter are considering, and are very glad to consider, how far gliding experiences, especially the extent and origin of the up-currents which make gliding possible, agree with ordinary meteorological ideas. The collaboration should be fruitful; it should enable the glider literally as well as metaphorically to go far.

Granted that the sail-plane can get off the ground successfully, and be subject to easy control in the air, the rest of the business depends largely upon finding and making use of up-currents. They have to perform part of the function of the engine in an airplane. They come from three principal sources. There is first of all the 'hill-lift'—the upward wind-component made by the impact of the air on the slope from which the glider takes off, and there are 'thermal' lifts (lifts on convection currents of air) which occur in two principal ways. One occurs above an area, like the top of a hill in sunshine or a town surrounded by cultivation, when it is more strongly heated by the sun than its neighbourhood. (The upflow in this case is well recognisable by the soaring of birds or by the bump experienced by aircraft.) The other 'thermal' lift occurs when air conditions become unstable over a large flat area. Then columns of uprush may form; they can move with the breeze if it is slight. The glider's task is to find a sufficient number of the right kind of rising columns to enable him to do what he intends. Probably the simplest method is for him to soar as high as possible in an up-current and then to glide horizontally, or descend somewhat, till another up-current is found. He can then ascend on that, glide, and continue the process as long as may be. As his angle of descent should not exceed 1 in 15, a climb of 2,000 feet corresponds with a horizontal distance of nearly six miles; that should be long enough for him to find another place of ascent. A second method, for a skilled pilot, is to travel in the ascending air in front of a 'line-squall' as it moves across country, and there are newer methods coming into use. Sir Gilbert Walker thinks that most of the methods of using up-currents for cross-country flights have now been tackled. It remains to

make use of what has been termed 'dynamical' flight—the use of variations in the horizontal velocity of the wind, as in the non-flapping flight of birds in gusty weather under overcast skies.

* * * * *

Dr. Joseph Barcroft's lectures on principles in physiology, published this year in book form as *Features in the Architecture of Physiological Function**, is, as the title suggests, too technical for review here. A few of the lectures, however, are by no means too difficult for the general reader, and the last lecture, on 'The Chance that a Phenomenon has a Significance', is an admirable statement of a problem in which many people are interested. ('Phenomenon' is, of course, confined to the domain of physiology.) Seventy years ago, when structure was regarded as a manifestation of design, it would have been impious to say that any phenomenon in the body was accidental or that any structure was simply there without function. In the reaction against this view and against more recent doctrine which has been proved to have gone far beyond anything warranted by the facts, the opinion that things can be accidental had become popular with some physiologists. Dr. Barcroft inclines to think there are no 'accidents', the more they are investigated the more the accidents pass into the class of phenomena which have significance. In support of this view he discusses several things formerly believed 'accidental'—pain, the position of the spleen, the yellow colour of the yolk of eggs, and other occurrences—which have turned out to have a deep significance.

The yellowness of the yolk of eggs was a good example ten years ago of something which, as far as people knew, had no significance. What had the yellow pigment to contribute to the yolk? Hens eat cereals. Some of these, like maize, happen to have a yellow pigment called carotene—the colouring matter of carrots; others, like wheat, happen to have no carotene. From the hen's point of view the pigment of the food can't matter. Carotene happens to be soluble in fats. If, therefore, a hen eats maize the carotene will get deposited in the tissue in which it is most soluble, and of such tissues the most obvious is the yolk of the egg. If the hen never got near cereals or other food with carotene in it, gradually carotene would disappear from its body till eventually the yolk would have none of it. This straightforward reasoning was borne out fully by experiment. Not only were white yolks got by keeping the hen off carotene, but red, green and blue yolks were got by feeding it with food dyed with colours soluble in fats. Yet, in the event, the hen does appear to be wise in having the yolk of its egg yellow, and not colourless or red or blue, for two important things connected with the yellowness have come out from a large amount of difficult and often disappointing research work done in recent years; it has been shown that a food factor, vitamin A, is essential to the hen's growth and good health (as it is to ours and to most animals) and that the producer in the body of this vitamin is carotene or one of the group of chemical compounds which are classed as carotene. As early as 1919 it was shown in the United States that the activity of vitamin A, as demonstrated by physiological experiments, went hand-in-hand with the concentration of the pigment carotene in food. In 1931 in this country it was shown that when carotene was introduced into the blood of animals their liver converted it chemically into vitamin A; this important observation has since been confirmed several times.

Dr. Barcroft concludes: 'Accidents happen in nature as elsewhere, but having regard to the above and other considerations, I range myself on the side of those who regard a phenomenon as more likely to have a significance than not. Those who think with me must shoulder the burden of discovering what the significance may be, but on our opponents rests the much heavier burden of proving the phenomenon to be an accident, if indeed it be such'.

A. S. RUSSELL



The Listener

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The New Guide

A PRINCIPAL part of sights, monuments and showplaces is the guide who conducts the ignorant public round. In the past such guides have aroused a good deal of criticism, and very often the contrast has been marked between the greatness of that which they have had to describe and their own imperfect command of language and information. Meandering and opinionated vergers, cheerfully improvising young men, unhappy touts waiting at railway stations to show Oxford or Cambridge without themselves knowing which building was which, these are figures familiar in light literature and not imaginary in real life. Guides, particularly guides in charge of valuable buildings, have tended to be firm, to fix with an eye of authority those members of their flock who display roving tendencies, to be peremptory in stopping individual loitering. It is not really surprising if revenge has been taken when visitors who feel they have been somewhat too firmly conducted round and misled take revenge with pen or brush when they get home.

But for good or ill the old type of guide is losing ground today, particularly in foreign countries where the tourist business is being organised under Government control. It has been realised that foreign visitors are sure to want to visit the leading sights. There is a strong economic inducement to governments to make them welcome, to prevent their excessive molestation by incompetent free-lances, but to see to it that they do not, as large cruises have often liked to do, bring their own guides with them. The inhabitants of a city are the people with the first claim to explain its monuments and to do the talking for money which the presence of such monuments makes possible. But official recognition can only be asked for by local people if they are willing to have their efficiency tested. From satisfying itself that local guides really know foreign languages well enough to instruct as well as to entertain visitors, it is but a small step for a Government to look carefully at the subject-matter which the guide proposes to use. Here surely is a wonderful chance to make a favourable impression on the minds of amiable foreign visitors, and the chance is being increasingly

seized. The old naive display of anything which might arouse curiosity is giving place to a careful selection of sights to be shown and of what is to be said about them. Tasmanians are no longer particularly eager to hurry their visitors to the ruined prison cells of Port Arthur, the autograph letter from the devil is no longer easy to see at Agrigentum, and in general the movement is for sights to become more and more respectable. The visitor to Constantinople today is made by his fluent guides to realise that the chief characteristic of the Turk is his passion for social reform and the extension of the social services, and as for the past, he may be told in shocked and sorrowing accents that once in the royal palace a Sultan was actually murdered, but he will understand that violence has always been exceptional. Such delicacy of feeling is in marked contrast to the older methods by which guides sought to make their sights as interesting as possible. A beefeater at the Tower once said openly that he found that what sightseers wanted was blood and that he gave them blood, pointing to every sloping window-sill as a place for draining off blood and bodies. There are many countries today where such exercises in goodnatured fiction would be classified as a kind of mild treason. But tourists may say with some reason that if they are to be told lies, they would prefer lurid and exciting lies to specious propaganda. In Eastern Europe in particular, where the many small nationalities are all so sensitive and keen, the pleasure of sightseeing is going to be sensibly modified if at each place the visitor is made to swallow the set pieces of guides who have only been licensed because they are trusted to say their pieces well, and whose concern is not with their building and its history but with impressing visitors with the impeccable past of the country they are visiting and its place in the vanguard of humanity today. It is a fortunate thing that this new tendency has to reckon with the mixed nationalities of visitors. To go to the field of Waterloo with Frenchmen or with Germans and English is to realise something of the uncertainty and risks which guides must run. They need not, perhaps, fear losing their official status because they have failed to please some sensitive foreigner, but they will certainly lose their extra tip—and the tip can play a useful corrective part. Meanwhile there remains one practical alleviation. The tourist who sees to it that the guide is informed early on that he has in his party a Professor and lifelong student of the subject will find that that information acts as a remarkable sedative, and that the most cocksure, voluble, and aggressively patriotic guide has brakes which he knows how to apply to himself.

Week by Week

R OGER FRY, who died suddenly last week at the age of sixty-seven, was perhaps best known to the public as a writer on art, but that title in no way describes the wide range of his interests and activities. He regarded himself primarily as a painter, perhaps secondarily as a teacher, and only incidentally as a writer. As a painter he might be described as a disciple of Cézanne—that master's patient research for the formal structure of things and the representation of that structure as a self-consistent harmony of space and colour was Fry's own aim in art, with perhaps a leaning towards the subtler modifications of a Bonnard or a Vuillard. He bestowed but little sympathy (though endless curiosity) on later developments in painting; Picasso, for example, he found immensely gifted, but perverse, and the Surrealists were frankly abhorrent to him. Fry's own paintings met with only a restricted circle of admirers; to most critics they seemed too cautious, too deliberate, exquisite but inert. A final judgment, however, is not yet possible; when the ephemeral excitements of the age have subsided, Fry's work might stand out with unexpected solidity and firmness of feeling. As a teacher he was for the most part peripatetic, and it is a grave reflection on our educational system that only in

his sixty-fifth year was a man of such knowledge and understanding called upon to occupy a University chair. For his knowledge of all types of art was unrivalled; extremely sensitive to æsthetic values, and utterly without intellectual prejudices, his mind was open to the art of all countries and periods, and his books always show an exact appreciation of the artist's intention. It was perhaps his understanding of the artist's point of view that gave his criticism its particular value, but it never degenerated into technical jargon. For Fry was above all a man of general culture, widely read in the literature of the Continent as well as that of his own country, and numbering among his friends not only artists, but many writers and musicians. He spoke in a rich and impressive voice which, combined with his persuasive rhetoric, made him an exceptionally good lecturer. As a critic he was subtle and penetrating, but always clear; his prose style is one of the best of our time. In his brief period as Slade Professor at Cambridge he instituted a Fine Arts Society, and generally stimulated a new interest in the plastic arts. He had the greatest of all pedagogic gifts—the ability to inspire curiosity and to arouse enthusiasm. He was the intellectual guide of a whole generation in matters of art; he did more than any man of his age to bring light into one of the darkest patches of the English mind.

* * *

Co-operation between its various parts—architects, surveyors, contractors, makers of bricks and fittings—is obviously the first essential of the building trade; and it is a criticism of the present Building Exhibition that this co-operation is precisely not the quality in evidence on the floor of Olympia. The hall is crammed with specimens of good materials, fine workmanship and the results of research into building problems*. Here can be seen all the newest water-heaters, door-closers, non-slip floor products, metal-faced plywoods, sliding folding windows, noise-resistant wall compositions; but it is difficult to assimilate and appreciate this wealth of material owing to the lack of system of the arrangement. The stands showing the same type of exhibit are often widely separated, making comparison difficult, and there is no attempt at harmonising the designs of the stands in the way that made the 1933 Olympia Advertising and Marketing Exhibition such a pleasant one to visit. The result is that in a medley of lay-outs (the good robbed of their effect by juxtaposition with the bad), with kitchen-cookers, grave-stones, plywoods, stained glass windows and scaffolding all jumbled together, it is only possible to say that undoubtedly here is a lot of good stuff, but what on earth is going to be done with it? And it is not until the visitor has climbed up to the gallery that he will find some sort of answer to his question. There, in the 'New Homes for Old' exhibit, is at last a recognition that there is a sociological side to the building question; that, excellent as it may be to know that something like 350,000 houses may be built during the next twelve months, it is more important to know where they can best be built and what kind of people most need them. So the exhibits here are chiefly charts and photographs which illustrate the nature and extent of the housing shortage, the problems involved in re-housing the poor, the number of houses at certain rents needed in certain districts, various schemes of housing reform, etc. Prominent in the section is the exhibit arranged by the MARS group of architects and allied technicians, who analyse by chart and picture a sample of London, showing the development of Bethnal Green from village settlement to slum, both as an example of what happens in the unplanned city and an illustration of the various factors, e.g. national and international economic development, which influence the shape of a town. The 'New Homes for Old' section provides the brains and conscience of the Exhibition, and it is probably a reflection of its function that it should be the best laid out section of the whole and the one whose full meaning is most quickly understood.

* * *

The possibility of excluding traffic from certain streets in congested areas—which through lack of better accommodation have become children's playgrounds—has received con-

siderable stimulus from the report of the Chief Constable of Salford, Major Godfrey, on the success of an experiment carried out in his borough. No fewer than 115 streets have been closed to motor vehicles and pedal cycles and, since the inception of the scheme in 1929, not one accident has happened to a child within these areas. In view of the fact that Salford is the most densely populated area outside the Metropolis, having a population of 49.2 to the acre, and that it is also one of the few cities which has consistently shown a yearly reduction in the number of accidents, much credit will attach to the plan of closed streets. The application of this plan to London—particularly the East End—has long been advocated by the London 'Safety First' Association, but local authorities have usually deferred action on the grounds of insufficient powers. In this connection we may note that the beginning of the scheme in Salford was purely voluntary and only after it had been in action for a period were parliamentary powers obtained in the Salford Corporation Act, 1933, to enforce the closing. Furthermore, 'no prosecution for contravention of the order has been necessary'. That some measure for the protection of London children is vitally necessary is obvious from the continued increase of fatal accidents to children under 10 years of age—mothers have been known to tie their children to railings to save them risking their lives on the road. Already a tentative experiment is being made in Paddington with three selected streets, in a poor neighbourhood, which drivers are warned are used for children's play. The more drastic methods of the Salford plan are likely to be discussed by the Traffic Advisory Committee, when meetings are resumed after the holiday recess, and it is understood that the Minister of Transport 'is taking an active personal interest in the matter'. Although the complexity of the London traffic problems makes the complete closing of more than a few streets unlikely, much might be done by limiting the amount or fixing transit hours for selected streets. Above all, it must be remembered that the adoption of the street as a playground is not easily avoidable in congested areas, where playgrounds or recreation parks are inaccessible, and the streets the only available places for fresh air and exercise.

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Our Scottish correspondent writes:—At its recent annual conference in Glasgow the Burns Federation discussed at length one of our hardier annuals, the neglect of the vernacular and vernacular literature in schools. It is certainly remarkable that, as a mere matter of philological interest, the Doric is almost entirely neglected by our teachers, who are mostly conventional thinkers in the business of what children should read and are apt to believe that literature began with the Essays of Bacon and ended with those of Charles Lamb; leaving even the wide field of native writing in English untouched. The Universities produce the teachers and must be held partly responsible, and the Scottish Education Department has to take part of the blame. The Department has protested its pious approval of vernacular instruction, but its Leaving Certificate papers, round which the whole secondary system of Scotland revolves, seldom imply its awareness of the existence of Scottish writers other than Scott, with, occasionally, a sop to modernism in the shape of a reference to Mr. Buchan's romances. It may be feared, however, that the neglect is symptomatic of a larger loss of national identity. Our youth seems distinctly to prefer the tongue of Clark Gable to that of Johnny Gibb of Gushetneuk; and what else could be expected of a population that is huddled to the tune of about fifty per cent. in four cities and is concentrated to the extent of two-thirds in about one-eighth of the country's surface? If the decline of the vernacular is regrettable, it is still one of the prices of excessive urbanisation; and pleas for its revival through the schools will be so much waste of breath until they are accompanied by economic readjustment. It will be a noble and surprising day when the eminently respectable and conservative gentlemen who comprise such bodies as the Burns Federation realise that their problem is fundamentally economic and political!

*For example, in the exhibit of the Building Research Board, whose activities in 1933 are described in its annual Report just published. H.M. Stationery Office, 2s. 6d.

Music

Tradition, Applause and Hisses

By FRANCIS TOYE

A THOUSAND miles from London I read in the paper the other day that a gentleman in the gallery of the Queen's Hall made an audible protest after some tenor had sung an aria from Handel's 'Judas Maccabæus'. If my memory does not play me false, he objected that the singer had omitted a *crescendo*, while Sir Henry Wood, interviewed subsequently, protested that the song—I suppose it was 'Sound an Alarm'—had been sung in this manner for thirty years.

Now I would hasten to make clear the fact that I am in entire ignorance of the actual circumstances. The singer, whose name I forget, may or may not have been guilty of the omission in question; the *crescendo* may or may not have been indicated by Handel; the thirty-year-old tradition may or may not be a fact. I suppose the only copy of 'Judas Maccabæus' within a hundred miles is in the library of the Milan Conservatoire (if there), so that I cannot very well refer to it. But the theoretical interest of the incident remains, whatever the facts alike as regards the protest itself and the appeal to tradition, as possessing an authority akin to Cæsar's.

Has a member of an audience the right to proclaim aloud his disapproval of an artist's performance? How far is established tradition a valid excuse for an interpretation not indicated in the score? Let us leave the Queen's Hall incident in particular to consider these questions in general.

It is difficult for one who, like the writer, spends a portion of the year in Italy, seriously to question the right of audible disapproval. Audible disapproval indeed! I have seen things thrown at operatic singers who failed to satisfy the audience; jeers, whistles and cat-calls are every bit as common as cheers, clapping and shouting. The dangers of such a system are obvious in that the enemies of any particular singer can easily organise a demonstration that may ruin his or her career. I believe that Caruso had to deal with something of the kind at Naples in his early days and that he would never sing there subsequently. That is as may be. But there is a theatre near here where the system has not worked badly, the theatre of Parma. In the operatic world Parma audiences are noted for their knowledge and their ruthlessness. Woe betide the singer who fails to reach the requisite standard of accomplishment! Many singers of international repute refuse, I am told, to appear there. Judging by some of their exploits at Covent Garden and the Metropolitan, I am not at all surprised. Inevitably the standard of performance at Parma remains quite disproportionate to the resources of what is, all things said and done, a provincial theatre. Toscanini, by the way, came from Parma.

We in England have notoriously gone as far as possible in the other direction. Applause in England has come to be a mere kind of full-stop after this or that item, a polite acknowledgment of an artist having tried to do his best. Therein lies the fundamental kindness of the English character, if you will; but it is mistaken kindness. The arts are, or should be, rude taskmasters; there is no place in them for the mere well-meaning. The truest kindness is to insist upon and obtain the highest possible standard of accomplishment; the sooner the artist who cannot get on gets out, the better for him and everybody else. It is not pleasant, but there it is.

Applause should be the artist's extra remuneration, bestowed only when he has accomplished something beyond what an audience is entitled to expect, something that has aroused their genuine enthusiasm, something that they perceive to be greater than what can be reckoned in vulgar cash values. For, all things said and done, each member of the audience is paying, indirectly, a proportion of the artist's fee. Only when a tailor, a gardener, a doctor, or a solicitor has served us exceptionally well, do we clap him on the back or give him a present. The position of the artist is in no way different—except that, in fact, he were better in retirement unless, nine times out of ten, he can earn and deserve the bonus.

If the audience can express their approval in applause they indubitably have the right to express their disapproval in hisses. Logically, theoretically, there is no escape from this corollary. Practically, however, owing to convention, psychology and other factors, it must be admitted that hissing in pub-

lic possesses a greater significance, makes a deeper impression, than public applause. Perhaps the best solution (for the English temperament) is stony silence, equally damning in fact and not as painful. Nevertheless I cannot help feeling that our present tradition is the silliest, and the worst of all in that it encourages that passive acquiescence which is music's most deadly enemy. The man, who, after some performance or other, gives vent to rude disapproval, is the man who really cares. And the men who really care, one way or the other, are the men who matter.

The appeal to tradition may mean much or little. It may be valuable for an artist to know how, for instance, Joachim played the cadenzas in the Brahms Violin Concerto or how Calvé treated this or that passage in 'Carmen'. Authoritative past interpretations of classical masterpieces may serve to save the unwary from too gross foolishness. But, even at its best, the value of tradition is strictly limited in that, his general taste once formed, a good interpreter should and must deal with a masterpiece in his own fashion, not in slavish imitation of some predecessor, however distinguished.

And certain dangers of tradition are only too apparent. We have only got to think of what happened to Handel's 'Messiah', that mighty explosive which a bad tradition had gradually turned into a mild Nonconformist soda-mint. Not till a musician of genius dared to go back to the original music were Handel's amazing vitality and splendour revealed again to English audiences. I may, perhaps, be allowed to cite from my own experience an instance even more flagrant, because here tradition is in direct contradiction to the composer's indications. The end of 'Celeste Aida' is marked by Verdi *ppp*; it is nearly always sung *ff*, and I have repeatedly heard this vandalism justified, alike in Italy and England, by an appeal to tradition. But there, Italian Opera in particular is full of these traditions which as often as not are nothing but crystallisations of the bad taste of successive generations of singers and singing-teachers. Perhaps the matter may be summed up by saying that tradition as regards style in general is usually valuable, and that tradition as regards this or that passage in particular is usually suspect. But there is no safe, invariable rule. Music remains, thank Heaven, an art, not a science.

The outbreak of the recent labour troubles in America has served to distract attention from the interesting report which Mr. Donald Richberg, secretary to the National Emergency Council, has presented to President Roosevelt, summarising the concrete achievements of the first eighteen months of his administration, i.e. from March 4, 1933. According to this report, there are 4,120,000 more people in employment, while the average working week in industry has been reduced by six hours and the average hourly earnings have been increased about 26 per cent. The total weekly wages bill of manufacturing concerns in the United States has risen 37.5 per cent. On the other hand, the cost of living has risen 9.6 per cent. between June, 1933, and June, 1934. The net profits of 506 corporations of all types rose from 158,000,000 dollars in the first half of 1933 to 409,000,000 dollars in the first half of 1934. During the same period the net profits of 402 industrial companies rose 600 per cent. Business failures in the first six months of 1934 were 40 per cent. fewer than in 1929. The Public Works Administration has financed either in whole or in part \$3,000,000,000 building programme, as well as over \$900,000,000 expenditure on non-construction projects. Some 700,000 men have now found employment under these projects financed by the P.W.A., and this does not include another 400,000 men for whom employment has been found by the Department of Agriculture, chiefly on road construction.

Following on several queries from our readers concerning the photograph entitled 'Sir Edward Grey', which was published with the 'Twenty Years Ago' programme in our issue of August 8 (page 228), we made enquiries of the agent who supplied it; who discovered that by an extraordinary coincidence the picture, which came from an Italian source, was of the Hon. Edward Gray, a member of the Italian Parliament, and one of the early and original leaders of Fascism, and not of the British Foreign Minister.

THE WORLD ON THE MOVE—IV. ITALY



A new city (Sabaudia) springs up on land that was once—



—the Pontine Marshes—

Paul Popper



—now cleared, drained and reclaimed

Paul Popper



Here are the peasantry, enrolled in the Fascist militia, parading with the emblem of their work—the spade

Wide World



The New University of Rome—model for the Rectorate and Department of Mineralogy. Inset—a new method of publicity and guidance for tourists: marble mural tablets showing the growth of the Roman Empire throughout history, affixed to the wall along the newly-constructed Via dell'Impero



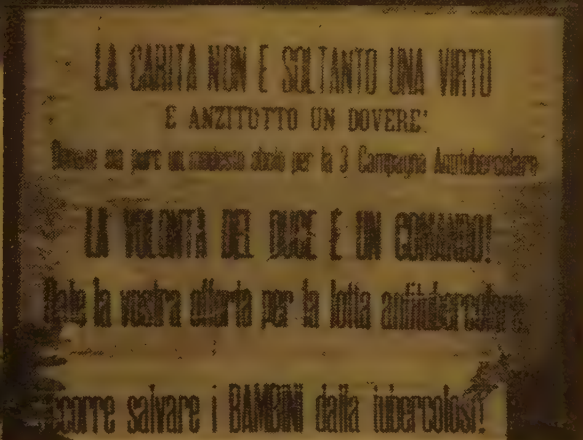
The resurrection of Ancient Rome: workmen engaged on excavating the Forum of Trajan



New Model Sanatorium at Vialba (Milan), with 1028 beds



Roads without crossings, specially built for motorists only—by day and by night



Charity by order of the Duce. An appeal on behalf of tuberculous children

Dorien Leigh



Primitive and modern transport in Italy's African Empire (Eritrea)



Summer home for the children of their employees built by the Fiat Company

Lower four photographs by courtesy of the Italian State Tourist Dept.



Young fascists (Balilla) parading in front of the Arch of Titus



Gymnastic exercises form an important part of the adult education work of the Dopolavoro (Italian National Leisure Hours' Institution)



Children of Italians resident abroad are brought back in parties to visit Italy and enjoy its sunshine on the sea-shore and mountain-side
Wide World



Mussolini watching a physical training demonstration by young women in the new Mussolini Stadium at Rome
By courtesy of the Italian State Tourist Dept.



Mussolini takes a hand at the threshing machine with the peasants of Littoria



Here is a typical Italian peasant of the older generation—a shepherd. What does he think of the changes of the last dozen years?

Dorien Leigh

'This Freedom'—XI and XII

The Intellectual and Liberty

By HERBERT READ

I HAVE been asked to represent the intellectual life in this symposium, but it would be well to begin by confessing to a certain limitation of outlook. Strictly speaking, anyone who spends his time in mental activity is an intellectual—the scientist, the economist, the theologian, as well as the philosopher and the poet. But a broad distinction can be made between processes of thought whose aim is some form of practical activity and processes of thought which are entirely disinterested and whose only aim is the perfection of their own being. This is a radical distinction ignored, for example, by the dialectical materialism of Marx, and is the main reason why in practice Communism of the Marxian type is incompatible with the intellectual life. In this discussion, therefore, I should be taken as representing a point of view which is neither theoretical nor practical, but which, nevertheless, is essential to the existence of any civilisation.

Distrust of Catch-words

It must not be assumed that this point of view is therefore necessarily idealistic. Speaking for myself—and in this matter I think I am sufficiently representative of other intellectuals of my generation—any devotion to ideal causes was dissipated by the events of 1914-1918; or if we were able to suspend our idealism until 1919, it quickly vanished during the Peace Conference. Since then it has needed considerable mental effort not to allow ourselves to degenerate into a state of cynicism and spiritual despair. We have avoided that state by becoming realists.

A realist is a man who has learnt to distrust any term to which he cannot attach a perfectly definite meaning. He particularly distrusts those ideological phrases, catch-words, slogans and symbols under cover of which most of the political activities of today take place. He has a very bitter memory of phrases like 'a war to end war' and 'making the world safe for democracy'. As a realist I look with intense suspicion on words like 'democracy', 'race', 'nation', 'empire', 'proletariat', 'tradition', 'party', 'unity', 'decency', 'morality', 'duty', etc. I prefer words like 'reason', 'intelligence', 'order', 'justice', 'plan', 'action', and 'objective'. What, then, of this word 'liberty'?

Let me admit that it represents an idea to which I am passionately attached; but let me claim at the same time that it is a word I have looked at with a disillusioned, a realistic eye. I know that it denotes many things to many people, and that most of its interpretations are worthless. In short, I know that the idealistic interpretation of the word is quite impracticable. Liberty, in the complete idealistic sense, implies anarchy, and though a philosophical anarchism is logically a very possible and a very attractive doctrine (and has been since the time of Zeno, the founder of the Stoic philosophy), it is not a practical policy in the present stage of the world's economic development. Government—that is to say, control of the individual in the interests of the community at large—is inevitable. Moreover, our general condition is so desperate that such control is bound to be very extensive and very strict.

Practical Policies Opposed by Idealists

What might be called the tyranny of facts—the necessity which most of us are under to struggle for our very existence, our food, our shelter and other no less essential amenities of life—this tyranny is so severe, but so customary, that we ought to be prepared to consider a restriction of liberty in other directions if in this respect some release were promised. I believe that the productive capacity of modern processes is so great that our primary need is an economics of consumption—a system which must put into operation the miracle of the loaves and fishes, and ask in return, not tokens nor the labour upon which tokens are based, but social faith. I say social

'faith' to keep to the Biblical analogy, but actually and realistically I mean social credit—the system, if you press me to still greater precision, which is associated with the name of Major Douglas. That this particular solution of our economic difficulties has met with so much opposition and derision does not deter me; for I see clearly that such criticism comes from precisely those parties which depend for their existence on what I have called ideologies (with the obvious exception of the bankers, whose opposition is realistic enough, and *pour cause*). It is one of the bitterest facts that an intellectual has to face—that any remedy or policy based on practical reason stands very little chance of securing consideration, just because it is rational, and not idealistic—not, that is to say, vague enough to allow a multitude of interpretations, nor symbolical enough to rouse blind instinctive responses.

In all that concerns the planning of economic life, the building up of a rational mode of living in a social community, there can be no question of liberty. For so long as we live in a community, in all practical affairs the greatest good of the greatest number is also the greatest good of the individual. As an intellectual (a penniless one, it is true), I am willing to surrender all material rights—to let the state take my property and put it into the common fund. Even if I had wealth and property, I think I should still hold this view, because I am convinced that material possessions are a menace to spiritual liberty. From certain points of view, therefore, I can welcome the notion of the totalitarian state, whether in its Fascist or Communist form. I am not afraid of the totalitarian state as an economic fact, an economic machine to facilitate the complex business of living in a community. But actually I see this rational and practical concept of the state—a concept that need be nothing but rational and practical—combined with various ideologies: in Russia with the Marxian ideology of dialectical materialism, in Italy with the ideology of nationalism, in Germany with the even more dangerous ideology of race. In the name of these ideologies, the intellectual liberty of the individual is abrogated. And to such abrogation I can never submit.

Stagnant Waters Support No Life

Intellectual liberty—the liberty to pursue individual trends of thought and to publish these for the interest or amusement of our fellow-men—is not defended by me in a spirit of vague idealism. The ideology of liberty is liberalism, and that is a dead doctrine. But the doctrine of liberty will be a living doctrine so long as our civilisation survives; for on our liberty depends the life of our civilisation. And depends in the most practical and demonstrable way. The proof must naturally be historical; and from history, in all its aspects, emerges the incontrovertible law which Mill expressed in these words: 'The initiation of all wise or noble things comes and must come from individuals; generally at first from some one individual.' Or negatively: 'The despotism of custom is everywhere the standing hindrance to human advancement, being in unceasing antagonism to that disposition to aim at something better than customary, which is called, according to circumstances, the spirit of liberty, or that of progress or improvement.' I am not as fond as Mill was of the word 'progress': it represents a scrapped illusion. But I do cling to the fact of vitality; for on the vitality of a civilisation depends just simply the will to live—at least, for an intellectual. I know that some of my contemporaries can complacently sacrifice this will; but that is a form of spiritual treachery in which I have no desire to participate. In history, the stagnant waters, whether of custom or of despotism, support no life; life depends on the agitation set up by a few eccentric individuals. For the sake

of that life, that vitality, a community must take certain risks; it must live dangerously if it would live at all.

In the present situation in Europe, the danger to liberty is perhaps more actual than real. The very violence of a despotism such as that existing in Germany defeats its own ends. I have been told that the majority of University students, bored by the monotony of their censored and dragooned newspapers, are losing interest in politics and turning for consolation to classical literature. Classical literature is the literature of free minds; that is why it has survived and become classical.

The youth of Germany will not have to feed long on such a diet before they find a tyranny unsupportable. Observe, in a smaller field, but nearer home, the effects of censorship in this country. The influence of Joyce and Lawrence has been incomparably greater just because their works have been subjected to persecution and censorship. It is difficult—indeed, it is impossible—to suppress the life of the spirit. When the liberty of thought and speech is finally suppressed in a land, it means that the life of the spirit is dead in that land, its culture at an end, its civilisation doomed.

Liberty in Private Life

By HUGH KINGSMILL

EWART, a character in H. G. Wells' *Tono-Bungay*, expresses briefly and poetically the idea of happiness which floats vaguely in the imagination of most men. He is visiting young Ponderevo at the factory which Ponderevo's uncle has established to manufacture the tonic and cure-all, Tono-Bungay, and while the bottlers are bottling the mixture, he philosophises aloud, to the discomfort of Ponderevo junior. 'Nobody', he exclaims, 'wants to do and be the things people are—nobody. . . . You don't want to preside over this—this bottling . . . , nobody wants to keep on sticking labels on silly bottles at so many farthings a gross. . . . What we all want to be is something perpetually young and beautiful—young Joves—young Joves—Ponderevo'—his voice became loud, harsh, and declamatory—'pursuing coy, half-willing nymphs through everlasting forests'.

Those persons who wish the state to regulate private conduct have always at the back of their minds the illusion that great numbers of persons are already behaving like Ewart's young Joves, and that unless swift and drastic steps are taken society as a whole will shortly collapse into a horde of pursuing satyrs and easily overtaken nymphs. If illusions could be cured by reflection, half-an-hour's thought would convince these persons that there is no need for the state to add its quota of restrictive action to the obstacles which must always prevent mankind from realising its dreams of enjoyment.

Virtuous by Force of Circumstance

The first obstacle is work. To drive on the system of life, in Johnson's phrase, requires at least four-fifths of the energy of mankind. Even the young and unmarried have not much energy to spare when their work is over, and what they have goes into the innocent amusements which pave the way to the married state. Among married men in the working classes, and to a slightly less degree in the professional classes, that is among the bulk of the English or any other civilised nation, the standard of conduct is reasonably high. The man who works all day and comes home in the evening is virtuous perforce. In those occupations which take a man away from his wife, the standard of conduct is inevitably far lower. Sailors, it is well known, have a wife in every port, though a naval captain whom his wife attacked with this proverb in my presence denied that it could be applied to him, for he had never, he said, been able to find a wife in Aden. Commercial travellers have a strong streak of Mormonism, and couriers too often take advantage of the hero-worship which lonely women in a strange land feel for a man who can charm waiters, railway porters and concierges to his will. But sailors, commercial travellers and couriers form a very small proportion of the community; and the proportion of those whose conduct is not quite regular does not become much higher if we add a thousand or two of impecunious writers and artists, living precariously on the outskirts of the social system, and a rather greater number of persons who even in these hard times manage to keep the luxury hotels of the Continent from going into liquidation.

Pressure of Private Opinion

The next restriction on conduct is supplied by what may be called private opinion. There is a general tendency in mankind to cramp the enjoyment of others. Donne, in his period of youthful love-making, wrote a poem in which he

complained of the hostility to his pleasures which he was meeting on all sides.

Alas! alas! who's injured by my love?
What merchant's ships have my sighs drown'd?
Who says my tears have overflow'd his ground?

This hostility is usually explained, especially by its victims, as due to envy. But it may be due less to envy than to an honest conviction that the pursuit of enjoyment is harmful to the future prospects of the pursuer, and that all enjoyment falls so far short of expectation as never to be worth the imperilling of a chance to establish oneself securely in an insecure world.

Private opinion brings its pressure to bear through various channels. There is the parental channel, the employer's channel, and, most effective of all, the matrimonial channel. Those who are anxious for the state to concern itself with the private conduct of its members forget that, as the state consists very largely of wives and husbands, the discipline they wish to impose is already being applied in its most effective form. A small but striking instance of the superiority of the wife to the state in restrictive action where private matters are concerned is given in Frank Harris' *Life of Bernard Shaw*. The autobiography of Frank Harris is banned in this country, but has been read by those, including Mr. Shaw, who do not consider that their moral health needs to be safeguarded by the Home Office. Mrs. Shaw, however, did not care to have the book lying about the house for her servants to read, and asked Mr. Shaw to burn it, a request with which Mr. Shaw at once complied, to the mingled surprise and indignation of Frank Harris.

Women—and Politicians—Respect the Conventions

A third restriction on conduct is exercised by public opinion. While men are more sensitive than women to private criticism, women are more affected by public disapproval than men. No woman feels herself secure as long as she is acting against the conventions of the established order. This statement may be doubted by those who believe the post-War generation to be cynically indifferent to the institution of marriage; but such indifference or hostility as exists is confined to a very small group of the community, and is genuinely felt only by men. Anyone acquainted with this group will have had many opportunities for realising that the post-War woman is just as appreciative of the advantages of the marriage system as her Victorian grandmother. If the men she meets happen to have some theory about companionate marriage, or dispensing with the outworn idea of marriage altogether, she will fall in with their humour, but only for the time being. I know of one girl who carried her tact so far that she wore mourning at the marriage ceremony, when it in due course took place, having managed to persuade her husband that she was sacrificing her ideals to his regrettable relapse towards conventionalism.

Public opinion is effective with men, too, but only among politicians does it count for as much as with women. Life to our statesmen is full of perils, and I have been assured by someone who has lived for many years among public men that a wise politician would as soon enter a cage full of hungry jaguars as a first-class compartment occupied by a solitary woman. He is not, of course, compelled to model his life on Saint Antony's, but he must exercise a prudence far beyond any which could be imposed on him by State regulation of his conduct.

The last of the chief restrictions on conduct is a man's or woman's desire either for virtue or for excellence in some form of physical or intellectual activity. Even the least responsible section of the community, those who live on unearned incomes, usually practise some sport which compels them to keep fit during a large proportion of their existence.

The nature of things being so little friendly to enjoyment as conceived by the imagination, a sensible government will not exasperate the ordinary citizen by trying to whittle away such freedom of conduct as he possesses. His work, his wife, his fear of the neighbours and his golf or garden will keep him within reasonable bounds; and if some untamed streak in his nature should urge him to buy a glass of ale at half-past four in the afternoon, or an ounce of tobacco at a quarter-to-nine in the evening, a properly-conducted State will oppose no obstacles to the satisfaction of these desires.

State Interference Since the War

The tendency in the present age to interfere with the private life of the individual is due directly and indirectly to the Great War. The War subordinated the individual entirely to the State, that is, it subordinated fifty or a hundred million persons to a few thousands. When the War was over, the desire to regulate others remained, though its expression varied in each country according to the traditions of that country, and its good or bad fortune in the War. In America, where the War fever was most virulent, and the losses in men and money least, and where the dragooning of vast masses of fellow citizens was a new experience, the cessation of conscription left a want which was quickly supplied by the enforcement of prohibition. In England, where State interference with the individual had also the charm of novelty, but which had suffered greatly from the War, and was further safeguarded from the lunacy of prohibition by a certain balance in the national character, Dora has lingered on, vexing the ordinary man, and encouraging empty and energetic busybodies to plan more serious attacks on the individual. Russia, Germany and Italy were either shattered by the War, or emerged from it disgusted and embittered. These countries have therefore had no leisure to interfere with their citizens merely for the fun of the thing. But in each of these countries an autocracy has been established, the unconscious aim of which is to recover in another war the national self-respect lost in the Great War. France alone has hitherto left its citizens in peace,

for France, unlike England and America, knew conscription before the War, and, unlike Russia, Germany and Italy, emerged from the War with its prestige enhanced.

Only the Individual Can Solve the Problem

The chief danger to the liberty of the individual in England today is not the officiousness left over from the period of the Great War. That has merely created a framework for admirers of continental autocracies to enlarge if they are allowed to. Autocracy, whatever its label, whether it is called Fascism, Bolshevism, or Puritanism, claims that it subordinates the selfish desires of the individual to the service of the community as a whole. What it actually subordinates the desires of the individual to is the passion for power of emotional misfits with enormous energy and no internal resources. Autocracies, however excellent the ideals with which they start, inevitably move towards war, partly because war is the simplest and most comprehensive expression of power, and partly because the suppression of the individual cannot continue for ever. If the State adds to the restrictions on enjoyment inherent in the nature of things artificial restrictions of its own, the pressure of unsatisfied desire must be eased, and a war is the most effective way to ease it. During a war the four main restrictions on private conduct are either suspended or greatly modified. The State removes the fear of unemployment, private and public opinion are both relaxed in the near neighbourhood of death, and the special aptitudes which are cultivated in peace-time are neglected.

The escape from the vicious circle of war, public and private demoralisation, the attempt of the State to regenerate the individual, the morbid growth of the State due to the suppression of the individual, and war again, is the chief problem of a future in which wars involving most of the civilised world, and affecting all the inhabitants of the combatant countries, can be precipitated with an ease unknown to the unmechanical world of previous centuries. The solution of this problem lies in the growth among individuals of self-knowledge and self-discipline, and the abandonment of their present oscillation between boredom and half-hearted self-indulgence on the one hand, and hysterical self-immolation to the empty abstraction called the State on the other. The great religious and moral teachers of mankind are all agreed about this solution, but the world has so far preferred the more exciting solutions by its Cromwells, Napoleons, Lenins and Mussolinis.

'Something In It'?

Inquiry Into the Unknown—A B.B.C. Symposium. Edited by Theodore Besterman. Methuen. 3s. 6d.

ONE CANNOT DO JUSTICE to each contribution in a symposium, where space for review is limited. It must be sufficient to say that Mr. Gerald Heard and Mr. Besterman introduce the subject. Lord Charles Hope deals with physical mediumship, but neither he nor Sir Ernest Bennett, M.P., who tells of haunted houses and the like, professes to give evidence that would be counted as such in a court of law. Professor Seligman has a couple of interesting talks on primitive usages. Sir Oliver Lodge reaffirms his belief in survival of death. Mrs. Salter relates the kind of fact concerning telepathy that makes most of us believe in its possibility, but not in its proof. Dame Edith Lyttelton is scarcely so convincing with regard to foreknowledge. Like many of the other contributors, she is convinced without being convinced she is convinced! Although the critical temper has not deserted any of the writers, there is practically no reference to the negative evidence. Last week, a lady known to the reviewer, who is not at all interested in things psychic, told him she was convinced she had heard her son, who lives in the North of England, calling her. There has not appeared the least reason why he should have done so. He is well, and at the time in question was busy at his work. Recently, a friend came right across London post-haste to this house, convinced absolutely that we were in need of her. It took much to persuade her that all was well, and that whilst she was welcome, there was no reason known to us for specially desiring her presence! If anything had chanced to happen in an untoward way on either of these occasions, it would have seemed like telepathy, but what shall we say of this apparently useless and purposeless 'telepathy'? Anyone

who records the one side of the matter should give equal prominence to the other.

One notices too that much of the evidence is not recent. Indeed, there seems, despite all the multiplied enquiry, less ponderable evidence than in the earlier days of the Society for Psychical Research. That society has passed its jubilee, but few will contend that its utmost efforts have brought us forward in any marked degree in respect of things of this type. Nor will the present book, interesting and readable though it is, advance the matter much further. Very few are convinced of the truth of spiritistic and occult phenomena, unless they have some personal experiences thereof. It seems that at least ten per cent. of the population claim such experiences. Perhaps another ten per cent. are aggressively sceptical. The rest are vaguely of the opinion that 'there is something in it', but what that is they neither know nor care much to know.

Professor Broad's summary is well done. It is dispassionate, lucid, and well-balanced, but it does not lead the jury of the public who will read this book to have much certainty as to the verdict they should give. He dismisses physical phenomena, and has little opinion of the character of many so-called spirit 'messages'. But he rightly reminds us that the trivial has often been the starting point of a train of research that has led to discovery of emphatic importance, and that is why many who read this book will agree with his plea that the door should be left open and the quest continued. It is better to seek and find nothing than to give up the spirit of research.

E. S. WATERHOUSE

Maiden Castle and Verulam

The New Excavations

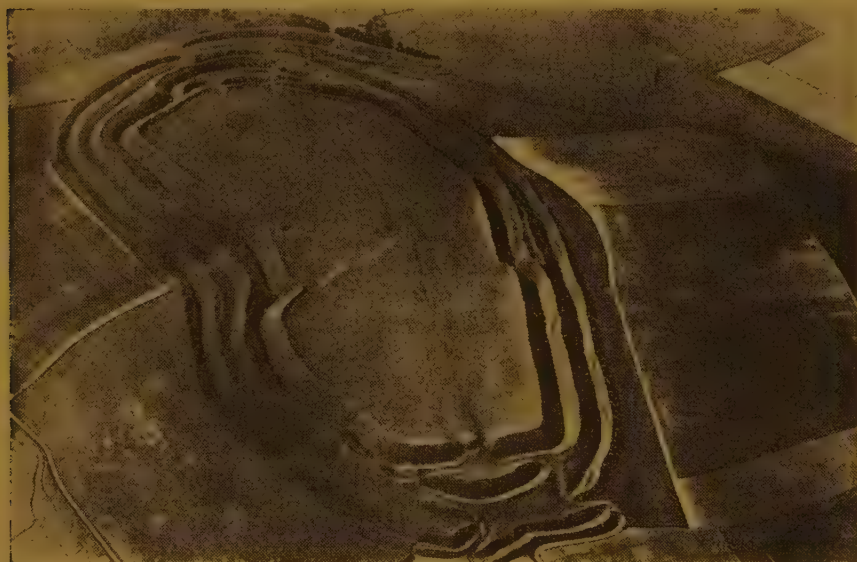
By S. E. WINBOLT

MOTORING up a grassy track right through the prehistoric entrances in the defences of Maiden Castle, we parked on the top. *En route* the professor asked me, 'Why Maiden Castle?' I quoted several of the well-known Maiden Castles, Bowers, etc., and suggested the accepted explanation of *Mai-dun*, big hill; or alternatively

contemporary with the big outer works, and made to divide the cattle from human dwellings. But a pennyworth of spade is worth a shillingworth of *a priori* speculation, as will be shown presently. A glance at the picture will show how the kinks in the side works opposite the cross bank suggested the truth, that this east end was originally the whole fort, probably

limited by a single bank and ditch outside.

That was phase number two. The third phase was that of the enlarged camp we see: the whole top was enclosed, with an area of some 108 acres—over 115 including the defences. The original bank and ditch were enlarged, two more ditches and three more banks were added to the south side, and another ditch and two more banks to the less-steep north side, and the prodigious system of labyrinthine entrances constructed at either end. The circuit of the outermost vallum is nearly $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and in places the banks measure from crest to base over 60 feet. All this belongs to the latest period of the Early Iron Age. Hundreds of hut-pits were occupied during this period. Fourth, after the Roman conquest, the camp was still in native occupation for half-a-century, when the building of Durnovaria (Dorchester) induced the natives to descend to lower ground and taste a superior civilisation. The Romans did not occupy the fort in a military



Aerial view of Maiden Castle from the East

By courtesy of Major G. W. G. Allen

Magh-dun, hill plateau, or *Maed-dun*, grassy hill. As we sidled up the north side and through the west entrances, I registered the idea that it is the most impressive earthwork of the many I have seen. Why has it waited so unaccountably long for scientific excavation? The problems of its age and the stages of its civilisation are at last in good hands, those of Dr. and Mrs. Wheeler and Lt.-Col. Drew (of the Dorchester Museum), and their keen company of efficient assistants. Already much of the story is clear, and two or three summer seasons will add another chapter to British history.

Maiden Castle, Neolithic to Roman

Maiden Castle, nearly two miles south-west of Dorchester, Dorset, is an oval fortress crowning a chalk hill rising to over 400 feet, an outlier of the line of downs to the south. Before seeing the excavations, walk round and 'mark well her bulwarks'. Imagine a strong wooden palisade on at least one line of these Cyclopean banks, and you will have some idea of the impregnability of the place in the then conditions of warfare. 'Colossal' and 'complex' are right adjectives at Maiden Castle. The area is roughly 1,000 yards east to west and 500 yards north to south. The air picture taken by Major G. W. G. Allen shows admirably the general character of the earthwork: the labour put into it was great, even if scarping a steep hill-side naturally lends itself to labour-saving. The camp represents at least four phases of inhabitation. Under the worn-down bank which cuts off on the east side a big third of the area, the diggers have found a neolithic pot and other vestiges of neolithic man. He was in possession before ever the bank was piled as part of the comparatively slight works limiting the camp to the east end of the hill top. The old idea was that this bank was

sense, and probably it lay vacant, visited by picnic parties of Romanised Britons until, towards the close of the fourth century when the Roman hold over Britain was weakening, the Celts, whose traditions had never been lost, returned to their old ways with an added veneer of Roman culture. Here, as in Chanctonbury Ring on the South Downs, a Roman-



Reconstruction of a Roman-Celtic temple

Reproduced from the 'Antiquaries Journal'

Celtic temple was built on a height, and a two-roomed priest-house provided. When it was partly dug out last century, it was mistaken for a villa.

Roman-Celtic Temple and Prehistoric Pit-dwelling

Before this year several interesting objects, to be seen in the Dorchester Museum, were found. Among prehistoric items

are bone weaving combs, spindle wheels made of human thigh bones, a third-century B.C. bronze brooch studded with coral, and a gold coin of the crude-horse type. A little west of the cross bank digging revealed undisturbed refuse pits, seven within 16 square yards, containing potsherds, bronze rings and so on. Of the Roman era was a bronze votive plaque, with a figure of Minerva beaten out in relief. The walls of the temple in the east area are now exposed. It conforms to type, being rectangular, with *cella* (temple proper) in the middle, and all around it a 9-foot wide verandah, the outside wall of which probably supported columns and a pentice roof to the *cella*. The typical *cella* is 20-25 feet square, and the overall measurement of the temple 45-50 feet.

This is the eleventh Roman-Celtic temple now known in Britain, and, as Dr. Wheeler has pointed out, there are some sixty known on the Continent. They are characteristic of the blend of Celtic and Roman cultures. The Celts both adapted Roman architectural ideas and absorbed into their religion Roman elements, identifying their *genius loci* with some Roman deity, such as Mercury or Apollo or Mars. Such temples in Britain are probably derived from the Rouen district of France. At the entrance to the example now exposed were found Roman gold coins of the time of Honorius and Arcadius (A.D. 395-423), a gold finger ring, and a neat little tin-covered bronze statuette of a bull surmounted by three human torsos (Dorchester Museum). Close east of the temple is a big prehistoric circular pit dwelling, dug out to a depth of 10½ feet, with sides vertical except where they converge to the top, which is 9-10 feet in diameter. The inhabitants squatted round a central fire-place, and after a meal flung their food bones behind them against the sides of the pit. Four generations used the pit, each time making a new floor above the previous silting. Several shallower pits are being worked out, with post holes around them on the level.

The Earliest Defences

We next inspected the broad trench across the cross bank on the west side of which was found the anticipated ditch, 60 feet across the top and proportionately deep. The neolithic pot found under the bank was of full neolithic age—'Windmill Hill' type—and there were cooking pits in association. So we may date the earliest inhabitants at least two thousand years B.C. In the section of the ditch, clear even to the eye of the uninitiated, are seen many distinct layers of silt, denoting slow filling up through many centuries, and showing various occupation levels attested by shards and food remains. These ditches were favourite places for prehistoric cooks, who served meals therein. The lowest level was not yet reached, so that the earliest occupation was not yet known. The little heaps of missile pebbles seen on the side of the trench were no doubt selected on the Chesil Beach, a convenient magazine where they are admirably graded by Nature.

Verulam: Watling Street, the Forum, and the Theatre

Two days later Mr. Anthony Lowther was showing us recent results at Verulam. A little east of St. Michael's Church, where the new museum is to be built, Watling Street has been unexpectedly found at its point of intersection with the east to

west road called 'Camelot Way', which ran east to Camplodunum and west to Alchester and Cirencester. Close to the crossing was the east angle of the Forum, the fine outside walls of which can now be seen and will be preserved. Between the Forum and Watling Street in its north-west course was a colonnade. The Theatre was a very pleasant surprise. Less than a year ago the stubble of a sloping field hid the remains of this building, unique in Britain; by the time the Office of Works has put it in order for Lord Verulam it will be something for England to be proud of. It was to some extent excavated and planned, far from accurately, in 1847, and filled in again. A big circular building of 187 feet overall diameter, flattened out by the stage on the north-east side, it has walls of flint with red-brick bonding courses. Round most of it on the

outside was a corridor 9 feet wide, the auditorium comprising 240 degrees of the circle. The earliest stage was 46 feet long and 9 feet deep, some 3 feet above the orchestra (that is, dancing place between stage and seats, not a place for seating musicians): It has now been proved that, like so many Roman buildings, it was more than once reconstructed and altered. It was first built in the time of Trajan; its stage was altered to a frontage of 70 feet soon after, under Hadrian; and there was a drastic rebuilding and enlargement about A.D. 200. There are three entrances sloping down into the orchestra, one opposite the stage, and one on either side. The seating accommodation, like that of the smaller theatre at Pompeii, was for about 1,600 people, a small matter as compared with the 20,000 who sat in the theatre at Orange, or the 16,000 catered for at Arles. When it is set in order, practically all the walls of the three different periods will be displayed. Interesting points are a big rectangular hall south-east of the stage, perhaps a 'green room' for the performers; a big drain on the other side of the stage which carried off rain water from the seats and orchestra floor; and lines of post holes in the orchestra, representing some temporary wooden structure, the scenery of a special variety show. Close north-east of the stage is Watling

Street, astride of which was a triumphal arch; its foundations are now being successfully laid open. The arch was built when the theatre received its final enlargement, possibly in honour of the Emperor Septimius Severus.

Broadcast Adult Education

The Central Council for Broadcast Adult Education was formed in 1929 to advise the B.B.C. for a period of five years, it being understood that at the end of that time the organisation would be adapted and developed in the light of experience. As this experimental period is now ending, the B.B.C., in consultation with the Central Council, is evolving advisory machinery on a less unwieldy but wider basis. There will be a General Advisory Council, of which the Archbishop of York has accepted the Chairmanship, which will advise on the whole field of the cultural activities of broadcasting. There is also to be an Adult Education Advisory Committee in which the area councils (increased by two) will be adequately represented. Those organisations and individuals that have helped the B.B.C. in the experimental period are being invited to continue their support.



Reverse of bronze figure in the Museum at
Dorchester
By courtesy of the Dorchester Museum

Educational Issues of Today—VIII

The Challenge of the Day-School

By R. F. CHOLMELEY

WHEN Pliny the Younger set about founding a school in his native town of Como, he decided to make it a day-school: and he gave his reasons. 'For where', said he, 'could children live more agreeably than at home, and who can look after their morals more effectively than their parents—or at less expense?' It is true that in appealing to the inhabitants of Como to help to make their school worthy of the town—to say nothing of the pious founder—he pointed out that in time it might easily win such a reputation that children from other towns would abandon the advantages of living at home and flock to Como as boarders, even as the sons of Birmingham parents go to school at Rugby; but I think we may take it that he had too much confidence in the domestic life of Como to expect, or fear that its sons would be tempted away from its school. There are other interesting points in Pliny's scheme: he anticipated the principle (now rather out of favour) of the pound for pound grant-in-aid, promising to double whatever sum his fellow-townsmen contributed; and he laid down that the control of the school, including the appointment of the staff, should be in the hands of the parents, thinking it self-evident that they would in all their actions know no motive but the desire to benefit their children. So easy was it in the days of Trajan to believe in human nature.

The Parents' Attitude

What happened to Pliny's school nobody knows, and it does not matter; the manner of its foundation, and the reasons that Pliny gave, put the challenge of the day-school as fairly today as they did then; and the challenge is not less effective because in Pliny's reasons for preferring the day-school are implied also the reasons which, apart from the prestige which the great English boarding-schools have won, compel and always will compel large numbers of parents to send their children away from home, whether they like it or not. The question that goes to the root of the matter is 'Ought they to like it or not?' Because if a child by going to school loses something of value which life at home provides and for which school life does not provide a satisfactory substitute, that child's parents ought not to like sending it to school; and if they must send it to school they ought—if they have any choice in the matter—to wait until they feel pretty sure that they can no longer do enough for it at home; and in choosing—again if they have any choice open to them—they ought to choose a school in which they can have some confidence that any contribution they are still able to make to their child's development will have a chance of being accepted. It must be admitted that most parents have little or no choice; but even so the number of those who quite cheerfully shoot their children off at a ridiculously tender age, for no better reason than that they don't want to be bothered with them any more, is far larger than it ought to be; and their children are not the most likely to profit by what they get out of life at school. Both parents and children suffer in these cases; the parents never develop a reasonable sense of parenthood, and their children tumble into school life with no standards by which to measure what they find there; and the odds are that they never get any standards of their own at all, and that in the end they become permanently and disastrously incapable of education. It is the misfortune of boarding-schools that they are naturally more attractive than day-schools to this kind of parent; it is a misfortune for two reasons, first that they get in this way an unfair proportion of difficult pupils, and secondly because their experience with these pupils helps to keep alive the bad old tradition of contempt for parents. It is also the misfortune of the parents, who are not likely ever to learn any better, whereas they can and generally do learn a great deal from a good day-school.

The Background of Family Life

The essential difference between day-school and boarding-school education lies in the position of the parents, and the

rest of the family if there is any: it is not sufficiently understood that this reacts powerfully upon the whole of the relation between the young and the mature—including especially the schoolmaster or schoolmistress. At a day-school, family life, with its obligations towards persons of different ages and sexes, is at least continuously in the background, not completely obscured by new interests and new obligations: the day-school cannot take complete control of its pupils' time and interests, though some have tried to do so, not seeing that they are trying to throw away their greatest advantage as partners with the family in the business of education. Even at a day-school the pressure of the surrounding crowd of equals is generally strong enough to test the influence of the principles and prejudices of home: but in a boarding-school the transition from a life in which the standards of behaviour are bound up with family affections and responsibilities to that in which the one obvious necessity is to keep the commandments authenticated by one's schoolfellows involves perhaps as great a change as ever happens to anyone. The fact that it is accepted as desirable by at least nine-tenths of those who can choose to what type of school they will send their children must not be put down merely to the stolid orthodoxy of the well-to-do: there is a good deal of that in it, but two facts ought not to be neglected—one, that a great deal has been deliberately done during the last three or four generations to make it possible for a boarding-school to be an extremely attractive and on the whole a cheerful community; the other, that it is only within recent years that anybody has thought of providing day-schools with the amenities—such as adequate playing-fields—which are thought necessary for a boarding-school. When St. Paul's School moved in the early 'eighties from the Churchyard to West Kensington, thirteen acres were thought enough for school and playing-field together: when Merchant Taylors' School moved out the other day, their magnificent new building was planted in a park of 250 acres.

Teaching People to Think for Themselves

The importance of amenities is too often underestimated: immense sums of money have been spent—unavoidably spent and well spent—during the last few years in founding boarding-schools, to meet the demands mainly of the well-to-do, and in adding to the attractiveness of old foundations: until something like a comparable effort has been made to provide day-schools with an equally enlivening environment, no comparison on the ground of popularity is possible; nor can any general comparison of educational efficiency be justified, because in all but a trifling number of cases the day-school has not had its chance. Given half-a-dozen pious Founders with the principles of Pliny, and the wealth of a City company, and comparisons might be really worth making. And yet—and yet I wonder whether by gaining in external attractiveness day-schools might not be found to lose something that they could not afford to lose—whether in competing with the boarding-school on its own ground they might not find themselves less able to make that special contribution to English civilisation which they are naturally fitted to make? That contribution I take to be a sense of the importance of teaching people to think for themselves, and a belief that the best sort of society is a society in which the presumption is that its members will be guided by reason rather than by what has been called the instinctive reaction to environment. The contrast between the day-school and the boarding-school is not that the development of character in the day-school is but a pale copy at best of the boarding-school tradition, as is sometimes maintained: the contrast here is due to the fact that the management of boys by boys (or girls by girls) has been forced upon the boarding-school—not always for the good of everybody concerned, whereas in the day-school, where the adolescent community is less powerful, there is not so much temptation to limit the meaning of character to a capacity for making other people do what they are told, and much more

chance of discovering the value of a diversity of gifts under the same spirit.

Setting the Intellectual Pace

Nobody can be blind to the great advance that has been made in the attitude of those responsible for schools of all kinds towards the things of the mind: indeed it can sometimes even be perceived in the orations delivered by Eminent Persons on Prize-Days; but the defensive strength of the herd is a terrible thing, and because it is infinitely greater in the boarding-school, I believe that the best opportunity for the growth of an intelligent tradition in this country is to be

found in its day-schools. No one would claim for them a monopoly of intellectual activity; but it should not be forgotten that the marked advance in scholarship—using that word in its widest sense—that has taken place in the boarding-schools was very largely due to the striking successes obtained by boys from the great day-schools who went up to Oxford and Cambridge in the 'nineties; nor do I think it possible to deny that schools in which nearly everybody knows that his chances in life depend upon the use that he makes of his mind are always likely to set the pace on the intellectual side of education—which ought to be the foundation of all the rest.

Bacteria as a War-Weapon

By Dr. P. A. GORER

WHEN discussing bacterial warfare people are prone to make two mistakes. Some talk quite glibly as if London could be sprayed with a ton of anthrax bacilli without regard to the technical difficulties of such a measure or to the fact that anthrax does not readily spread from one individual to another. Indeed, this particular germ is probably a less formidable weapon against a civil population than a non-living poison. There are others who insist that modern prophylactic measures could easily combat bacterial attack.

Difficulties of Spreading Pestilence

Admittedly there are difficulties to be faced in spreading pestilence amongst the population of an opponent. The main use of bacteria as an offensive weapon lies in producing epidemics. Even if the infection produced is a grave one, the mass effect is less formidable than that of poison gas when it does not spread readily. The main advantage of the micro-organism as a means of attack lies in its power to spread death and disablement more or less automatically. Herein also lies the principal danger to those who use them. The effective difficulties may be divided into two classes: those arising from the nature of bacteria or bacterial diseases and those arising from the dispersal of infected material.

Before dealing with these difficulties some elementary considerations may be mentioned. Epidemics may be divided into three classes: (1) those in which the germ is carried principally by food and water; (2) those in which it is spread by parasites; (3) those in which it is spread by the breath. For dealing with the first two types we have general hygienic measures and immunisation by vaccines in some instances. In the last case the only means of protection in sight at present is the use of vaccines. The ideal type of epidemic would be one caused by an air-borne microbe against which it is possible to immunise one's own side, but against which the enemy would not be in possession of a vaccine. A microbe fulfilling such requirements does not appear to be on the market at present, but its discovery is by no means outside the bounds of possibility. Vaccines consist of suspensions of dead or attenuated micro-organisms. In some cases the organism might be difficult to cultivate in sufficient bulk for the mass production of vaccines at short notice; furthermore, many crude bacterial suspensions are highly toxic and special treatment may have to be used before a vaccine can be safely and effectively prepared. In either event there is every prospect of the epidemic inflicting considerable damage before it can be checked.

A more serious difficulty arises in the choice of the organism. Dealing first with air-borne epidemics; the most grave in Western Europe is influenza. It is caused by a filtrable virus which is not at present available in quantity. Should a vaccine be prepared it is probable that immunisation would be made a routine procedure by all belligerents. Diseases such as measles and whooping cough are out of the question. They are useless in a civilised conflict.

Of known epidemics we are left with plague. This disease is usually carried by rat fleas. In its most virulent form it is a pulmonary epidemic. This is not the place to discuss the conditions under which it may take this form. We may assume that as long as it is confined to the blood stream it will be transmitted by fleas sucking up the blood. Should the lungs become

infected for any reason, the organisms can be transmitted by the air and will then gain direct access to the respiratory tract of the next individual. Once such a cycle were established, it might be carried on indefinitely. In this form of the disease death may occur within twenty-four hours of the onset of symptoms and such epidemics have an enormous death rate. As has already been pointed out, the risk of self destruction depends to some extent on geographical circumstances. It will also depend upon how much contact exists between the combatants. In the case of trench warfare it would be considerable. The causative organism is not able to live very long outside the body. It can maintain its virulence on bits of cloth for about four days. Infected dust or dew spread over a crowded city might have a good chance of starting an epidemic of the pulmonary form of the disease. To make sure of this it would not be necessary to infect a large area. If we are dealing with an inert poison, only those in direct contact will be injured. In the case of a highly virulent micro-organism we are dealing with something that will propagate itself and be conveyed from one individual to another.

One disease mentioned in an article in the *New Statesman* was tularæmia. Normally a disease of rodents, it can also infect man. Whether it is possible that the disease could be established as an epidemic in a human community is not yet known. It has occurred so far in those dealing with infected rodents and in laboratory workers. For the latter it is very dangerous. The mortality is 10-20 per cent. It is a long and serious illness with a protracted convalescence. Should it prove possible to establish an epidemic strain of the disease it might prove a formidable factor in a war. There is good evidence that it can be spread by horse-flies, and this offers a possible means of disseminating it in a foreign country. There is also evidence that the organism can infect through the unbroken skin.

A factor of possible importance in paving the way for a pulmonary epidemic lies in the use of poison gas. It is generally agreed that irritant gases lower the resistance of the lungs to infection and the use of an irritant gas that could penetrate a mask, followed by a spray of bacteria, might be very effective.

Effectiveness of Disease-Bearing Insects

The introduction of disease-bearing insects might prove an effective instrument of war in tropical countries. Its use would be very limited in temperate climates. The spread of tsetse flies in countries at present free might not only kill a great many human beings and livestock, but give the nation attacked in this way a problem to occupy them long after the cessation of hostilities. This procedure should especially appeal to those who rely on 'Security'. Mosquito-borne diseases such as yellow fever or malaria would probably be quite ineffective.

The chances of starting an effective epidemic through the medium of parasites such as ticks, lice, etc., would depend upon the circumstances of those attacked. In trench warfare there is heavy infestation with lice and other parasites, as there is in the poorer districts of Central and Eastern Europe. The gravest epidemic disease carried by such means (apart from plague) is typhus. In trench warfare there would be great risk of the infection being carried back to the lines of the attacking force. Efficient delousing should be effective in protecting civil populations. Vaccines are available against typhus, but of what efficacy it is premature to state. If one side had been effectively immunised the prospects would be considerably altered.

A disease carried by ticks is Rocky Mountain spotted fever. This varies in virulence in different localities. The conditions favouring its intentional use in war are much the same as for typhus. These two are by no means the only diseases known to be carried by parasites, but they serve as representative illustrations.

Use of Vaccines

Epidemics spread by food, water, etc., include dysentery, enteric fever (typhoid and the para-typhoids), and cholera. The first two are caused by groups of related organisms. In Western Europe the typhoid bacillus and two para-typhoid organisms (known as the 'A' and 'B' types) are common. It is usual to give a vaccine against all three, known as the T.A.B. vaccine. In the East a third type of para-typhoid organism occurs. Indeed, there are probably a large number of organisms capable of causing an epidemic of enteric fever in man. From time to time appear reports of outbreaks caused by some organism not belonging to the types already mentioned. The chief hope of establishing an epidemic amongst enemy troops or civil populations lies in the use of a comparatively rare organism. It would not necessarily be difficult to establish a vaccine against such an organism, but an epidemic of considerable severity might play havoc in the enemy ranks before adequate immunisation could be carried out.

At first sight it might seem almost impossible to carry out mass vaccinations undetected. In a sense this is perfectly true, but it is quite possible to conceal the content of the vaccines used. Polyvalent vaccination is a not uncommon practice. The spread of smallpox in a largely unvaccinated community is not outside the range of possibility. It is conditioned by the possibility of obtaining the virus in a suitable form for dispersion. This might not be difficult because the virus survives quite well outside the body even in dried material.

Distribution of Micro-Organisms

In dealing with the distribution of micro-organisms we are confronted with a variety of methods. Infected dusts or sprays can be scattered over crowded areas: food and water supplies may be contaminated, infected vermin may be introduced. It is not for the biologist to state how large an area may be sprayed or dusted by an aeroplane of a given size. To start an epidemic it is not necessary that the area should be large, especially if it is a crowded one. In some cases it may be easy to infect a person with a small quantity of contaminated material, but it may be equally easy to stop the infection being carried on to others. Infection would then be a less dangerous weapon than poison gas. The infection of livestock has been suggested by various writers on bacterial warfare. Damage would not be considerable unless the livestock were centralised to some extent. The virus of foot-and-mouth disease is infective when dried, and it might be possible to contaminate a large area with a comparatively small force of aeroplanes as the gross bulk of material need not be very large. Anthrax spores might also be used effectively. Louping ill is a disease of sheep spread by ticks picked up from the soil. These could be introduced. Other epidemic diseases of livestock might be transmitted directly to the animals, or large tracts of pasture might be made unusable for a considerable period.

The dissemination of a water-borne infection is not an easy project. It is difficult to say how densely a water supply should be contaminated. Large reservoirs can be protected. Rivers should be easier to infect. Epidemics have arisen in large cities when a river has been polluted from a small focus of infection. However, filtration forms an effective barrier to infection. Some cities are more rigorous in applying this precaution than others. Troops generally chlorinate their water in the field, but a retreating army might contaminate a large number of utensils, food, etc., and thus start an epidemic in the ranks of their advancing enemy. Similarly, the water supply of a town might be infected prior to evacuation; in this case the difficulties imposed by filtration might be overcome. A water-borne epidemic could almost certainly be controlled fairly rapidly, but it is apt to start with explosive suddenness. For example,

in Hamburg (in 1892) there were 1,000 cases of cholera per day about a fortnight after the notification of the first case. The disorganisation caused by an outbreak of this kind would be considerable.

Whether bacteria are used intentionally, or not, disease is almost inevitable in war. How much damage was caused by under-nutrition and infection during the last War it is difficult to estimate. Dysentery was rife on all fronts, typhus and smallpox ravaged Russia. There would quite probably have been an influenza epidemic without a war, but it is likely that war conditions did much to enhance its virulence. The incidence of venereal disease on all fronts must have been very considerable, but it is difficult to estimate.

Danger in the Use of Untried Methods

To some extent what has been said is speculative. Any article about future wars is bound to be. Some experts will probably be doubtful about the practicability of the methods suggested. Medical science has been mainly engaged in preventing the spread of epidemics. If the Governments of the world begin to suspect one another of preparing such attacks, this state of affairs may cease to exist. Hygiene has done much to make the use of bacteria difficult, but after a heavy bombardment sanitary arrangements might be seriously deranged. There is danger in the use of untried methods, but neither wisdom nor humanity seems to play an important part in the politics of war. A nation facing a disastrous defeat might be willing to take almost any risk to force a stalemate or even to check internal revolt. It would be very rash to imagine that the use of bacteria is impossible. The way in which they may be employed in a future war depends on the nature of the conflict. Bacteria need not be used to decimate a population; a high morbidity rate and a prolonged illness have certain tactical advantages over a disease which kills rapidly.

Will Medical Research Become Malevolent?

At present, medicine appears to be the one remaining branch of experimental science not so misused as to increase human suffering. The facts presented in this discussion are to be found in any up-to-date textbook. Only the possibilities of application involve supposition. Even the art of healing is becoming a double-edged weapon. Unless a radical reorganisation of society makes the misuse of scientific discoveries impossible, the research worker who announces a new vaccine or finds an explanation of some obscure medical problem will no longer be welcomed as a benefactor of humanity. He may be charged with betraying information likely to be of use to a hostile power.

Dr. Gorer's article is part of a chapter he has written for *The Frustration of Science*, a book to which Professor V. H. Mottram, Mr. J. G. Crowther, Sir Daniel Hall, J. D. Bernal, Dr. Enid Charles, and Dr. B. Woolf are also contributing, and which will be published in the autumn by Allen and Unwin.

Sunflower

The sunflower, Phoebus symbol, saw the sun
Distantly: imagined he himself outshone
Sun's splendour; felt his roots' tight in the earth
Anchored inexorably, said, 'Decaying death
Tethers my pride, impedes my light to swell
Illimitably'. Began to squirm and twirl.

And rolling released him, so his tubular shoots
Broke surface: but the rival sun his roots
Dried up. The sunflower thought to walk
Mobile alone, was but a trodden stalk.

This woman is the earth. Though proud old kings
Would insulate glory, carpets do for wings
To keep their feet omnipotent, nor meet
Her lovely amours, their bondage would be sweet.

MAURICE CARPENTER

From the Royal Photographic Society

Some examples from the Society's present Exhibition at 35 Russell Square, W.C. 1, which will be open till October 6



Geese, by E. Vadas



Smoke Bomb Bursting

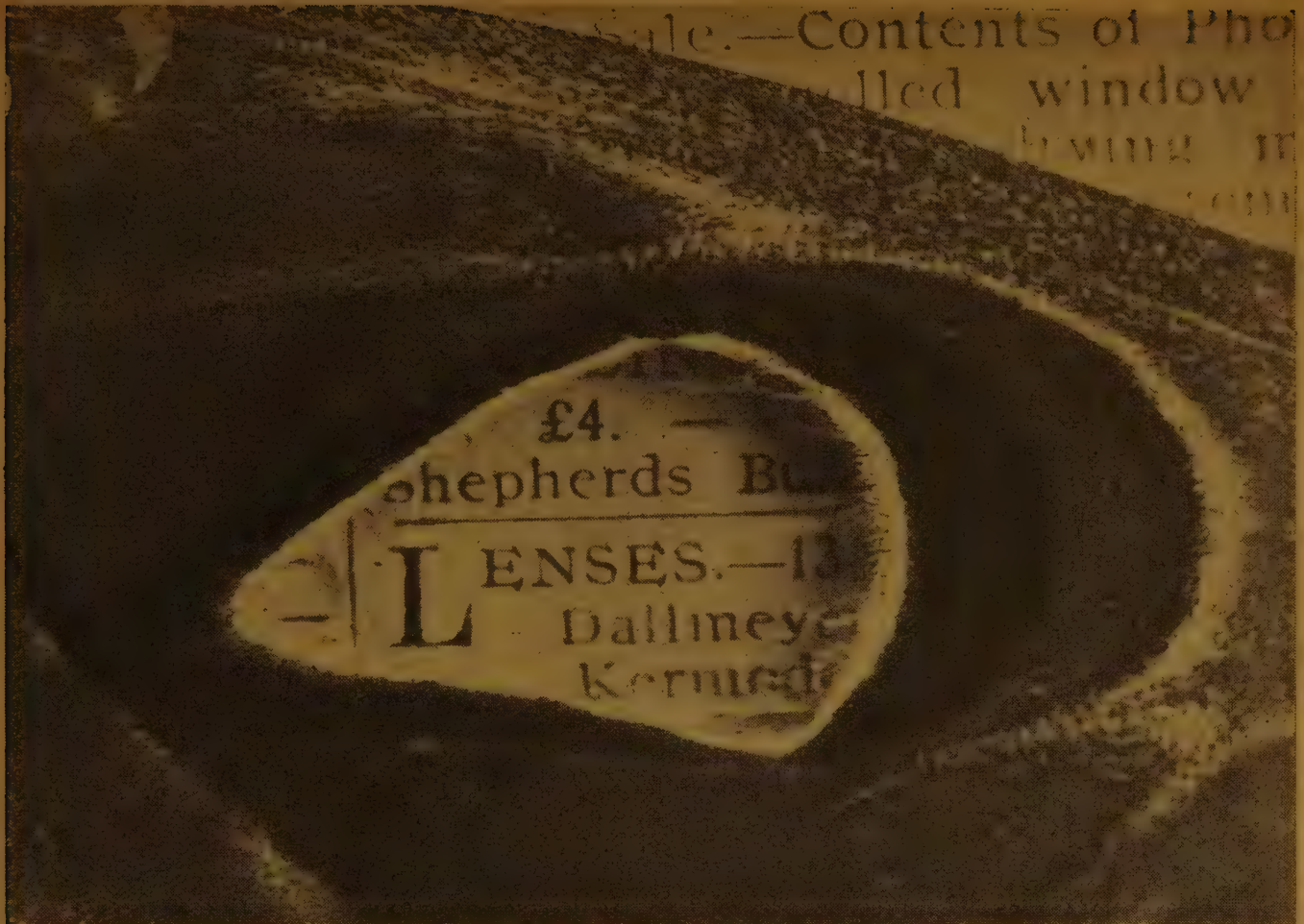
Photograph taken by Ross Ltd., with a 'Ross' F/4.5 Xpres Lens



Sail Loft, by Carrol Frey ..



Coconut Climbers, by M. Arthur Robinson



Wing of a Hercules Moth, showing the transparent window in it, by H. Chargeois



Fighting Cocks, by Harold E. Edgerton and Kenneth J. Germeshausen

Microphone Miscellany

Some extracts from recent broadcast talks

Impressions of Russia

RUSSIA IS STILL A SUBJECT calculated to arouse intense feeling when under discussion. People who have visited the country give the most contradictory reports. One instance: an American whom I met in Moscow on his return from a trip to the South of Russia, remarked, 'I ain't no sentimentalist, but when I get back home I'm just going to kiss the first stone I touch in little old New York'. Another: an Englishman, living and working in Russia, said things were not all he would wish, but it was better working in Russia than hanging around the Labour Exchange in England, and there was the knowledge that in Russia they were all in it together and that if he went short, he knew there were not crowds of other people living in luxurious or comfortable idleness. A Russian workman deplored that in past days, even if he had no work, he could eat—and now, said he, 'I work and cannot eat'. A young Jewess rejoiced that today there were opportunities for culture and education, which were denied to persons like herself under the old Tsarist regime. The truth is that in a country so vast and with problems so complex, everything is true and everything untrue that is said of Russia.

Under its present government, Russia is a curious mixture of the old autocracy and democracy. It is misleading to talk of the government as democratic, communist or socialist. It is nothing of the kind and does not claim to be. It is a dictatorship—a dictatorship of the proletariat—which, to quote their leading authorities, is 'a transition period from the capitalist to the communist state'. Consequently, some features of the old system, such as restriction of personal liberty and a deal of suspicion, survive.

It is both right and wrong to say that the stranger within Russia's gate suffers any curtailment of liberty. He or she can move about at will within the limits of the town or city in which he may happen to be, but he can buy what he wants only at certain establishments, and, as the traveller's passport, without which he cannot move to any other city, is 'taken care of' by the authorities, his movements are at least known and checked. In Leningrad, two Frenchmen who travelled out with me looked through a factory window, and thereupon a policeman promptly came up and arrested them. A similar fate befell an Englishman for taking a photograph of a bridge over the Neva. They were all soon released after satisfactory explanations, and the incidents served to add gaiety and a spice of adventure. Another member of my party got lost in Moscow; he was seen on to a tramcar by a policeman and sent to his hotel free of cost.

And, by the way, it is silly to talk of visitors being shown only the best side. Every nation, town and city shows its best to visitors. There is nothing to prevent the use of one's eyes and ears, or wandering where fancy leads in the streets of Moscow, Leningrad, Kharkov, or any other city. This reminds me of something I want to say as to the harm done to Russia and other countries by misleading statements. Take the following illustrations. It is not true to say that religious assembly and worship are forbidden in Russia, although admittedly it functions under great difficulty, and every obstacle is placed in its way, so that one wonders whether it can survive. Nevertheless, in many instances, the Church is carrying on. In Leningrad I saw crowded congregations on a Sunday, and several members of my party saw two weddings, a baptism and three funerals, all with religious rites of the Russian Orthodox Church. There was a Baptist congregation at worship in the same city. One Friday, in the beautiful Muhammadan mosque I saw some sturdy sons of the Faithful at their devotions. On another Sunday morning, in a country village church, bells were chiming at the hour of worship. I saw in peasants' cottages small shrines with sacred ikons in the little living rooms—with a photograph of Lenin alongside!

The second point concerns the mischief done by people who should know better, talking in ignorance or saying the thing they think will please without regard to the facts. On the occasion of a visit to a collectivist farm, the head man in charge remarked apropos of a large agricultural combine at work on the farm, 'You have none such in England'. He was assured that

there were many. But he wasn't to be convinced, and quoted as his authority a well-known publicist attached to an English newspaper! Not only was such a statement inaccurate, but the possibility is that orders went to the United States which might have come to this country.

Never have I seen streets so full of people as in Moscow, which reminds one of nothing so much as an overturned anthill. The population of the city has quadrupled during the past few years. Lack of transport, both passenger and goods, is not the least of Russia's handicaps. The crowded tramcars in Moscow and Leningrad have to be seen to be believed. For the most part, Russia walks. An underground railway is in course of construction in Moscow; that should relieve matters somewhat. As for the roads, even in the cities one concludes that the roof of an omnibus is to prevent the passengers being shaken out along the line of route. At the railway stations, the rows of peasants with their bundles sitting patiently hour after hour, and sometimes days, waiting for a train is pathetic. Even more serious is the delay occasioned in bringing the produce into the cities from the countryside.

Those who have visited Russia during the past three or four years are impressed by the progress made in education, the great parks of rest and culture, clinics, dispensaries, hospitals, rest houses, courts of justice, factories and workshops, all belonging to the new regime. But the task ahead is colossal. If this tremendous experiment is to succeed, one thing at least is essential—that there should be no war with foreign Powers.

C. G. AMMON

Poland and the Minorities Treaty

Broadcast on September 14

SINCE THE YEAR 1878 the Great Powers have usually acted upon the principle that new States claiming admission to the community of civilised nations must clearly pledge themselves to give fair treatment to the religious, racial and linguistic minorities within their borders. In that year the principle was applied to the new Balkan States which were created out of the Turkish Empire in Europe. At the Peace Conference of 1919, and in the years which followed the Peace Conference, the principle was again applied to the new States which came into being as a result of the Great War.

But there is this important difference between the old system and the new. In 1878 these promises were made a condition of the international recognition of the new States, but for the observance of the promises the world relied upon the good faith of the governments concerned. No international machinery or procedure was organised for the purpose of seeing that those promises were duly kept. But under the League system such a machinery has been organised. If a minority thinks that it is being unfairly treated by its government it has the right of complaining to the League, by a procedure which I have not time to describe. The League has set up a Minorities Commission charged with the duty of investigating and reporting upon these petitions. If the complaints are considered to be well-founded, considerable pressure can be put upon the government concerned to remedy the grievance of the minority.

Now let me try to put before you the Polish point of view. In the first place they say that the system works badly, that it interferes with their freedom of internal government, that it does not really help the minorities, and that the procedure of petition is very often misused for purposes of disloyal agitation and political propaganda. Secondly—and this is really their main argument—they say that the system is unequal and unfair. International law, they argue, should be the same for all States, whether great or small, whether old or new, but the system of minority protection is only applied to a few of the newer States which have come into being in recent years: it does not apply to the Great Powers, or indeed, to the majority of States in the world.

In other words, the Poles—like the Germans—are demanding equality of treatment. The Germans want equality in the matter of armaments, and the Poles demand equal freedom of internal government. To the world at large the Poles say: 'Either you release us from these restrictions, or you must agree to accept

them for yourselves'. Let me illustrate this second alternative by applying it to our own country. It would mean that if Scotland or Wales felt that they were unfairly treated by a certain Act of Parliament, then the Scotch or the Welsh might appeal to the League of Nations, and the League might tell Great Britain that she ought to repeal or amend the Act in question. The same principle would apply to France or Italy, or to any other country within the League.

Now let me try to state the other point of view. It comes to this. Whatever may be the merits—or the demerits—of the minority system, it rests upon Treaties and other solemn engagements freely entered into by the States concerned. These promises formed the explicit conditions upon which the new States were recognised by other Powers and accepted as full members of the world community. In most cases the new States owed their very existence and independence to the assistance of the Powers to whom these solemn pledges were given. If the minority system is to be abolished or modified, this can only be done by the agreement of all the States concerned, as Sir John Simon and M. Barthou have pointed out at Geneva.

Great Britain has always consistently maintained and acted upon the principle that Treaties can only be altered by the consent of the parties. She asserted it against France in 1793; she asserted it against Russia in 1870; and in 1871 she persuaded all the chief Powers of Europe to sign a declaration in which that principle was solemnly affirmed. She has again asserted it repeatedly in more recent international discussions. So far as my own knowledge goes, her policy in this vital matter has been unchanged for centuries.

H. A. SMITH

New Homes for Old

THAT PART of the Building Exhibition at Olympia which particularly interested me is the New Homes for Old exhibition in the gallery of the Grand Hall. It isn't a very large section—you can easily get round it in half an hour or so—but, my Heavens! it makes you think! If I were a dictator I should require all members of Local Governing Bodies, town councillors, and so on, to visit it and get some idea of the problems that are in front of us: see the mistakes that have been made in some places, and the really good work that is being done in others. And they should see how immensely difficult this town-planning and slum clearance is—much more than just pulling down a slum and building a block of tenements in its place. The New Homes for Old exhibit is just one of the activities of the Housing Centre which exists to collect and clarify all the existing information—in books and out of them—on town and country planning, and then to pass it on to those who are interested. And who isn't interested? By the time anyone had been round this gallery they would have to be singularly short-sighted not to see how deeply they must be interested—if only so far as their own rates and taxes are concerned, to put it on the lowest plane.

In the next five years 280,000 slum houses are to come down; one million three hundred thousand people—one-thirtieth of the total population—are to be re-housed. And even this isn't going to be enough. It takes no count of overcrowding. If you take as your standard one room for each one-and-a-half persons, by that standard over half-a-million people live packed three in a room. In Scotland it is worse: nearly 20 per cent. of the population—in Glasgow 40 per cent. Beyond this again there are the hundreds of thousands of houses which aren't bad enough to be condemned at the moment as uninhabitable but need thoroughly reconditioning to make them fit to live in. One fifth of all the houses in Scotland are like this, and a huge number in England and Wales. There is an urgent need for a National Survey of Insanitary Property. Compare the death-rate in a slum against a normal district—over 21 per thousand as against only 9½.

One of the great difficulties in the way of re-housing slum-dwellers is to build them new houses at a rent they can pay. In one place they were moved into new houses—and the rents were 4s. 4d. a week more. What was the result? The death-rate rose by 46 per cent. They could not afford to buy enough food to keep themselves healthy. What they died of was almost slow starvation. It has been reckoned—and you can see charts at the exhibition showing *how* it has been reckoned—that ten shillings a week is the maximum rent an unskilled labourer earning 50s. a week, with two children, can afford to pay. You can see how this figure shrinks as the family increases, and how

an unemployed man with two children can only pay 4s. 8d.—or 2s. with three children—and nothing with a larger family. To meet this gap between rent and income, the nation—that is, you and I—is going to pay four million three hundred thousand pounds a year for the next 40 years. Isn't it worth while seeing that this money is properly spent? The rest of the exhibition does something to show how it should—and how it should *not*—be spent. Section Three is the work of a group of architects and other technicians who call themselves MARS—Modern Architectural Research. The striking thing here is that although they are architects, they are showing no architecture. This is because they see that architecture is one of the final considerations of town-planning. First must come a number of intricate researches into other questions: employment, transport, health, public services—all related to the all-important thing—the inhabitant himself. The questions of the actual houses come later. And so they have chosen an area—Bethnal Green it is—and shown how such an analysis should be made. This section alone is a liberal education in the general ground-work of town-planning. It is interesting to learn, by the way, that in certain cases they were refused information about local services—sewers and electric supply, I think it was. This sort of water-tight department jealousy and unhelpfulness must be stopped. We can only get proper town-planning if all parties sink their own interests and work together. If the thing is done properly, it pays.

I am *not* a dictator, fortunately; but most of you have municipal votes. Come to this exhibition if you can, and then see that your local authorities tackle their problems in the right way.

GEOFFREY BOUMPHREY

Scientific Radio

Broadcast on September 11

THIS AFTERNOON the oldest scientific Society in Great Britain welcomed an International Conference on the almost-youngest science. The International Scientific Radio Union is to have a week of hard work. Why should you be interested in these scientists from America, Canada, South Africa, New Zealand, France, Germany, and half-a-dozen other countries? To technical 'fans' I have only to say that Kennelly is President of the Union; Appleton, President of one of its Commissions. And that will at once say to those 'fans': Kennelly—Heaviside layer, Appleton layer, upper storeys of the Weather House; why your signals fade; why you can hear Continental stations; why an Empire broadcasting service is possible at all.

And this Union Radio Scientifique Internationale is to hear this week the results of a great survey of these upper storeys of the Weather House—60, 100, 150 miles up—which the Union organised for the Second International Polar Year. It wasn't only a polar year; there were special observations in many other places as well, which will throw new light on the mechanism of fading, and though we study the symptoms and their causes rather than devise cures, we know that these studies will at least point the way towards possible relief.

We shall hear, too, about the new-fashioned eclipse of the sun which we invented, so to speak, two years ago. Of course, we knew about eclipses in which the light from the sun was cut off: we didn't till then realise that there was another eclipse—different time, different place—in which the solid small shot with which the sun bombards us is temporarily intercepted by the moon. What Canada made of this wireless eclipse is specially interesting. We shall hear about crystal clocks that are better time-keepers than the earth itself. We shall talk about tracking thunderstorms a thousand miles away—and about how they intrude on your listening. We shall talk about atmospherics which seem to come from the heart of the Milky Way.

There aren't any martyrs of science here. We do it because we like it—it's a hobby, like golf—and a vice, like golf. Only this is a lazy man's hobby. When the Union comes to Slough we shall show it how we have devised ways of making life easy for ourselves. We don't climb a hundred-mile staircase to see what things are like aloft: we send up radio messengers to take samples. We don't go to the tropics to watch their thunderstorms: we sit at home and watch them. We don't even do that: we devise automatic machines that do the watching while we sleep.

WATSON WATT

The author of 'September View', the poem printed in our issue of September 5, was Henry Romilly Fadden, and not Fielden as printed.

Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns. Preference will be given to letters which do not employ a *nom-de-plume*

Mr. Mais and the New England Puritans

Mr. Mais, in broadcasting one of the last of his talks from America last January (a talk doubtless listened to with attention by hundreds of thousands of people in Britain and America), made himself responsible for the dissemination of the following remarkable statements concerning Boston Common:

'The Puritans built a pen here for Sabbath breakers, that is, mothers who kissed their children on the Sabbath. Visitors were allowed to smoke only on weekdays, and then only on the banks of the pond. It was to this common that they took a sixteen-year-old girl, and sold her as a slave, because her parents couldn't pay their fines for non-attendance at Church'.

Naturally this could not be allowed to pass. I had no means of reaching *all* the hundreds of thousands, but you were kind enough to allow me to point out to such of them as read THE LISTENER that Mr. Mais had been made the innocent victim of the astonishing inventions introduced at the end of the eighteenth century by Parson Peters and most unfortunately given a fresh lease of life in the following century by Nathaniel Hawthorne, Bishop Wilberforce, Charles Kingsley and other unsuspecting popular authors. I told Mr. Mais that I had gone through the actual laws of the New England colonies, in the Library of Congress at Washington, and I confess I rather hoped he would do the same at the British Museum (where the material for such research exists), and would write to you saying 'Sorry'. But he didn't!

Now, eight months later, in his lively and attractive book, *A Modern Columbus*, he repeats his statement, prints my protest, and then attempts to demolish this as follows:

'Perhaps when Mr. Scholes has cooled down he will explain to me the Witches' Jail in Salem; the whole of Miss Rose Macaulay's *They were Defeated*, and the faces in the portrait Gallery at Salem, particularly those faces, or perhaps Mr. Scholes has not yet seen them'.

That is what he has to say (all of it!) and it looks to me a little cavalier. What is the value of a novel as historical evidence—or of Mr. Mais' impression of the portraits in a picture gallery? If we are to bandy novels I offer him Mark Twain's *Prince and Pauper* with its appendix on the 'Blue Laws' of New England ('Really about the first *sweeping* departure from judicial atrocity which the civilised world has seen . . . 14 crimes punishable by death in Connecticut. But in England, within the memory of man, 223!'). And if we are to bandy portraits I offer him his, as reproduced the other day in a Sunday paper when reviewing his book, and (more criminal-looking still) my own the week following, in another paper. But novels and Mr. Mais' reaction to portraits are not historical evidence!

There is just one point of the three that Mr. Mais asks me to explain that has historical interest and on which readers of the book and of THE LISTENER may expect me to say something, and that is, of course, the one concerning Salem witch trials. Here Mr. Mais is thoughtlessly adopting the familiar device of picking on a fault of the whole of Christendom and attaching it to the Puritans in particular. In the seventeenth century *every* Christian government went in trembling terror of the Devil and his earthly agents, the witches, and, obedient to Scripture (e.g. Exodus XXII, 18, 'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live'), took upon itself the stern duty of complete extermination. It is surely unnecessary to remind Mr. Mais that the greatest destruction of witches was decidedly not in countries with Puritan influence. Let Mr. Mais consult Chambers' *Encyclopædia* under 'Witchcraft' (I mention this as it is a particularly full article) and he will find instances in Catholic countries of *hundreds burned together*. Five witches were burned alive during my own lifetime and less than a decade before Mr. Mais was born: not one was ever *burned* in New England. When Mr. Mais was ten years old a man in Catholic Tipperary burnt his own wife to death as a witch, and was mildly punished with twenty years' penal servitude.

And does Mr. Mais know of any scene in history nobler than that of the public recantation (the only one recorded in any country) of those who in New England condemned the nineteen

'witches' to death? The madness over, within five years (January, 1697) the General Court ordered a Public Fast Day, humbling itself before God for the errors into which it had been led. The twelve jurymen published a manly admission of their innocent guilt and the sorrow-stricken Judge Samuel Sewall, in church, handed up to the pulpit a confession 'as being more concerned than any that he knows of', and stood humbly in his pew before the people whilst it was read (he spent that day of the year in fasting and prayer to the end of his life). Compensation was paid to the survivors of the sufferers and, nearly a century before executions for witchcraft ended in Europe (Switzerland, 1782), nearly two centuries before such executions ended in another part of America (Mexico, 1877), New England in abasement and high resolve purged itself for ever of this horror.

It must be remembered that the Salem incident was the outcome of collective madness on the part of a group of children who saw visions and accused individuals (a communal psychological phenomenon impossible of explanation in those days) and that the Royal Governor of the Colony was one of the sternest instigators of the action taken against the 'witches'. 'Thin-lipped Puritans, whose sport it was to harry and hang witches', says Mr. Mais. How unjust is such an expression!

I trust, Sir, that you will find room for this rather long letter and that Mr. Mais will take my writing it and your publishing it as a tribute to the large influence we are glad to see him exercise over the thoughts of the broadcasting public. What lesser men may say matters little, but we cannot afford to have Mr. Mais disseminating these chance fragments of the absurd general error concerning the nature of Puritanism that has somehow floated itself into the public mind and lodged there. Will he not, imitating the twelve jurors of Salem, publish (in your columns) a frank recantation?

The best description of the Salem Witch Trials and one of the best pictures of early New England life will be found in James Duncan Phillips' *Salem in the Seventeenth Century* (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston and New York—any British bookseller can procure it). It only appeared last year and embodies the results of the latest research. There is also *Witchcraft in Old and New England*, by Professor G. L. Kittredge, of Harvard. Mr. Mais will find these books in the British Museum, I think.

Montreux, Switzerland

PERCY A. SCHOLES

Pictures of Russia

I have been instructed by my committee to enter a very strong protest at the feature in your issue of September 5, purporting to pictorialise the Soviet Union. My committee felt that it was not without significance that the Russian feature should contrast so strongly with the German one that preceded it. In Germany all appears to be happy and beautiful—even the concentration camps, whose horrors are known to the entire world. Such pro-Nazi enthusiasm as was shown by the compiler of that page no doubt explains the virulent anti-Soviet bias of the Soviet captions. I myself have just returned from the Soviet Union, where I spent the better part of two years, visiting all the principal places in the European parts of the U.S.S.R. The photo of a bread queue at shop No. 180 of the Krasnaya Presnaya Rayon in Moscow was certainly not taken within the last few years, or, if it was, it does not represent a bread queue. I do not like to think of a journal devoted to so modern a science as the radio being so far behind the times. Bread queues have disappeared from Moscow. Kerosene queues there were last summer when all that was available was reserved for the tractors; I have seen sugar and butter queues; but the last bread queue I saw was on an earlier visit to Moscow—in 1930, to be precise.

As for the so-called 'sleeping accommodation', I should like to know where it purports to be. I visited Magnitogorsk, perhaps the most hurried piece of construction in the Union. Here whilst flats were being erected the workers were accommodated in temporary barracks. Neither there, at Dneprostroi, nor anywhere else did I see such a construction used for human accommodation.

Your caption writer descends to downright untruths when he says: 'The harvest itself is of course the property of the State'. It is nothing of the sort, except on the State farms, where wages are paid to the workers. These form but 10 per cent. of the whole cultivated area, 75 per cent. of which is collectively owned, and 15 per cent. individually owned. Collective farms sell a fixed proportion of their grain to the State at a fixed price. The remainder, after paying for use of tractors, putting a seed fund by, etc., is divided among the membership. Mr. Walter Duranty (Moscow Correspondent of the *New York Times*) declares that, on an average, the Ukrainian peasant drew two tons of grain per head last year (see *Russia Reported*). The *Manchester Guardian* Moscow Correspondent in the issue of that journal dated August 20, 1934, decries the current famine stories as nonsense, and makes the assertion that in the situation of this year's drought the collective system of agriculture has shown itself to be superior to the individual. See also the statements of Sir John Russell (Director of the Rothamsted Experimental Farm Station) in the *Guardian* of September 12.

Without the captions both the alleged corpse picture and the starving peasants searching for grain are meaningless. The captions are misleading and untrue. I should like to add to this one word about the Karelian hut and the lumber camps. It has been repeatedly denied by the Soviet Government that convict labour is used in timber production. It is used purely on construction work—roads, canals, etc. There are about 5,000 foreigners—Swedes and Canadians mostly—working in the Karelian lumber camps. I have spoken to many of the Canadians and they express themselves as perfectly happy and contented. It is hardly likely they would stay on unless they found the conditions at least comparable with those in their own homeland.

Is it too much to hope that THE LISTENER—the organ of a great public corporation—will make some explanation and retraction of the grossly unfair depiction of the Soviet Union to which I have made reference.

London, W.C.1

R. I. BISHOP

(for Information Committee, Friends of the Soviet Union)

[In order to obtain a fair balance, pictures for the feature referred to were obtained from unofficial as well as from official sources. Now it is not easy to obtain unofficial pictures of Russian life; but those referred to by our correspondent were supplied to us by a professional journalist who took them in the course of a visit to Russia during the spring of this year, and succeeded in smuggling them out when he left the country. We interviewed this journalist, and by cross-examining him for over an hour satisfied ourselves (so far as it is humanly possible for an intelligent person to be satisfied on a matter of this sort) of the authenticity of his pictures.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

Communism in China

Mr. E. R. Hughes in his broadcast of August 8 entitled 'Communist Rebels in China' and in his letter replying to Mr. John Pearce has certainly done his best to belittle the Communist effort in China today, although he was only asked to speak on the Foochow news in relation to the situation in the interior of one Province of China.

Mr. Hughes found it extremely difficult to believe that the Chinese Soviet army, which was described by Mr. Peter Fleming in *The Times* last November as the most formidable fighting force in China, 'could have got anything like within striking distance of Foochow'. Why should attention have been centred on Foochow if it did not seem that the Soviet Army might not capture it? Why should H.M.S. *Witch* have been sent to Foochow from Hong Kong? Why should the French Government have sent the *Jahure* to Foochow? Why should the U.S.A. and Japan have sent warships to Foochow? Why should these foreign warships with marines have been prepared to intervene? Why should General Chiang Kai-shek be devoting the whole of his attention, not to facing the foreign enemy, Japan, which is conquering more and more territory in China, but to the prosecution of the campaign against the Chinese Soviet forces, unless it had been felt that there was a strong possibility of Foochow opening its gates to the Chinese proletarian army which is fighting the battle of the working people of China against a notoriously rapacious and corrupt landlord class which has bled and exploited it?

The Nanking Government of China is terrified of Communism; so terrified that it instituted a severe censorship of all news

concerning the advance of the Soviet armies towards the coast. The reason for this panic was the belief, not that the Soviet forces might perhaps get within striking distance of Foochow, but that they might occupy the capital of a Chinese Province. The position in Fukien remains obscure because of the scarcity of news.

Mr. Hughes stated that 'under the Communist system a man is given land according to the number of mouths in his family'. Mr. Fleming stated that 'all land is common', which is a very different thing. Mr. Hughes argues that if you attempt to depart from the line of family organisation in China, difficulties ensue. Some observers think that it is just because they have smashed tradition in China that the working people support the Communists.

Mr. Fleming, who himself visited China, wrote as follows of Communist achievement: 'The land (even including temple lands and burial grounds) was then redistributed. All marketing of produce is done through a central government agency, and today the peasant inside the Red areas is buying his rice and port cheaper than the peasant outside them. One central and at least two local banks have been established, and notes and silver coins have been issued. . . . A "progressive" tax is levied in proportion to income. Marriage, religion and the hereditary system have been abolished. Gambling and opium-smoking are strictly suppressed. All capital above a very small amount is confiscated'.

It is because the Communists in China are carrying out revolution that attention is concentrated upon their operations and that all news concerning the situation is reduced to a minimum, or else distorted, by the reactionary Nanking Government.

London, W.C.1

R. BRIDGEMAN

Wanted—Standard of Good Housing Design

The opinions expressed in the discussion 'Good Manners in the Countryside', recently published in THE LISTENER, more particularly those referring to the work of the speculative builder—such sentences as 'An Englishman's house, in the hands of most speculative builders, looks not like a castle but like a cuckoo clock, a horrible mixture that suggests an unhappy compromise between a Swiss chalet and an Elizabethan manor house'—stimulated me to criticism of the recent erections, by such builders, in my own town. Destructive criticism, I found, soon suggested itself: but when I turned to constructive criticism, I found that I had no housing estate, no single building even, to which I could refer as a standard, a canon of good design. Could you either get the architects who participated in that discussion to publish in THE LISTENER photographs of what they believe to be well-designed houses, moderately priced, and suitable for erection in a Yorkshire manufacturing town such as Halifax, or invite readers to send photographs of what they consider to be ideally or at least excellently designed and moderately priced houses of that nature?

Halifax

G. R. LEWIN

The Value of Soured Milk

IN THE LISTENER of August 22, Professor Mottram says, 'Toxæmia as the result of stasis of the colon is now discovered to be a chimæra'. If constipation is a form of stasis, is this pronouncement sense or scientific pomposity? Metchnikoff held that *B. Bulgaricus* could be acclimatised in the intestine, and once there, hold in check putrefactive processes. Professor Mottram says, and it is common knowledge, and I agree—Metchnikoff was wrong. Metchnikoff was right, however, when he said the Bulgarians' staple food was soured milk, soured as it happened, by *B. Bulgaricus*. Their staple food: this means they take a fair amount every day, and therein lies the clue to their longevity and vigour. The taste of soured milk is due to the formation of lactic acid; the ordinary lactic bacteria found in English cows' milk produce a lactic acid content of 0.5 per cent. On the other hand, *BB. Acidophilus* and *Bulgaricus* are 'lactic tolerant' microbes, i.e. they produce a soured milk containing as much as 2 to 3 per cent. of lactic acid*. A 2 per cent. solution of lactic acid is germicidal to practically all putrefactive organisms, whereas a 0.5 per cent. solution is of little value. The Bulgarians preserve meat in their soured milk. Taken once a day, therefore, $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ pint of milk soured by *B. Bulgaricus*, supplies this solution in palatable and natural form, and moreover, is absolutely harmless to human tissue. Professor Mottram seizes hold of one false step in Metchnikoff's discoveries, and uses it to damn the whole thesis. Doctors themselves will be the first to admit their diffi-

*In 24 hours, the milk (soured by *B. Bulgaricus* or *Acidophilus*) may show 2 per cent. lactic acid, and on standing several days, this may rise to 3 per cent. (Dukes, *The Bacteriology of Food*, page 116)

culty in curing stasis and toxæmia, and will acknowledge the beneficial assistance of *B. Bulgaricus* lactic milk.

Guildford

FRANCIS ASHLEY

Van Eyck and the Spaniel

I have no knowledge of art, but I was greatly interested in Sir Robert Witt's article on 'Arnolfini and his Wife', by Jan van Eyck.

There is, however, one point which it seems to me needs more explanation: Sir Robert states—"Strangely enough where all is so accurately portrayed, the mirror has failed to reflect the spaniel". To account for this by oversight in such an artist seems to me impossible. It is obvious from Sir Robert's article that although van Eyck could make a mistake in the perspective of the rug yet his concentration upon detail and intricate conceits would never allow him to make such a glaring omission.

There seem to me therefore only two explanations possible; and both are interesting. The first is that the omission may be connected with symbolism. Sir Robert in his article suggested that the dog represented Fidelity. In the mirror not only is the dog missing but two people are seen standing at the door. May there not be here some hidden meaning? What it is is not apparent to me because I have not seen the original. My second suggestion is that the artist deliberately omitted the dog from the reflection in order to avoid ludicrousness. The view in the mirror will, of course, be from the rear. Now the human back may often in art appear beautiful—as no doubt it does in this case—but a rear view of a dog, especially the type portrayed with its upstanding tail and ears, must appear ludicrous. Did the artist therefore deliberately omit the dog to avoid this?

These are the suggestions of a 'man-in-the-street', and may

seem foolish to anyone with a knowledge of art. However, they are called up by interest in the subject and I hope will be treated sympathetically.

Llanishen

H. LLEWELLYN WILLIAMS

Overcrowded Germany?

The reviewer, in your current issue, of Mr. Fry's *Hitler's Wonderland* quotes the author as stating that 'Germany, with ninety inhabitants to the square mile, as opposed to eight in the British Empire and five in France, must have an outlet, &c.' Unless the *Statesman's Year Book* for 1929, which I happen to have by me in the country, is at fault, these figures are very wide of the mark. From that work I learn that the ratio of population to square miles of territory occupied in the German Empire is 345; in Great Britain and Northern Ireland 440; in the whole British Empire 34; in Metropolitan France 191; and in the whole French Empire 31. In view of the fact that the thirteen million square miles of the British Empire include about ten million square miles in India, the Soudan, Australia and Canada, which for physical or political reasons, or for both, are not accessible to English emigrants, the reference to these units appears in any case likely to mislead.

Ulpha

M. S. AMOS

Wireless Group in Sheffield

May I beg the hospitality of your columns to enquire if any local reader is interested in the formation of a small Wireless Discussion Group for the purpose of listening to a series of talks on Economics? The talks are to be broadcast on Monday evenings. I should be pleased if any interested reader would communicate with me at 114 Forres Road, Sheffield.

Sheffield

J. H. OLDFIELD

Our Bill—III

The Duck Shoot

By F. H. GRISEWOOD

BESIDES being an expert gardener Bill was a keen sportsman. He would run all day with the hounds, and his intimate knowledge of the country, his uncanny anticipation of the likely line that a fox would take, enabled him, not only to keep up with the field, but on occasions to be well in at the death. His enthusiasm was unbounded. "Ark at that, sir", he would cry in an ecstasy of delight, "ark at that for music!" as the whole pack gave tongue—and his old face would light up like a young boy's. "You come along o' me", he'd continue, "I knows where the old varmint be 'eading to—us'll get there as soon as any on 'em". And off we would go, by devious routes and short cuts—sometimes in what seemed to me in my ignorance the entirely opposite direction to which the pack was running. He was seldom at fault—we would emerge from a spinney on top of a hill in time to see the whole field spread out below us. "Look at 'em a'runnin'", he'd exclaim; "you could cover 'em with a blanket easy".

But all sport held an interest for Bill. He would always volunteer as a beater were one needed for a shoot—and in fact he was in great demand as a flanker when the time for the partridges came round. He knew the job backwards. I found out quite accidentally that he had been an under-keeper at one time to a nearby estate. This explained his knowledge of all things pertaining to rearing and breeding. He was intolerant of a bad performer. "E ain't got no right to come a'shootin'", he'd say in disgust, when some unskilful gun had failed to kill his birds clean. "Nasty messy way o' doin' things I calls it", as a wounded bird would flutter desperately away into the distance.

One October evening we were coming home from a partridge shoot—walking back across the fields, with the grass at our feet stiffening with an early frost, the sun a great red radiance behind a nearby larch plantation, and Bill was discoursing on shooting, and shooters in general, and in particular one unfortunate sportsman who had incurred his keenest scorn. "I've sin some shootin' in my time", he grumbled, "but nothin' as come up to 'is'n. Why, sir, if you'll believe me, I've sin a whole covey get up round 'is feet as nice as may be, an' spread itself out like quite all round 'im, an' 'e never touched a feather. I could a' knocked a couple down wi' my stick—that I could. An' the trouble was, you see, sir, that 'e 'ad a fairish bit o' shootin' of 'is own, so 'e 'ad used to get asked about 'cos the other guns wanted to come an' shoot 'is birds. Not that 'e didn't try 'ard

enough though', he went on, "'e were allus a'buyin' new guns an' things, an' a'go'in' off to they shootin' schools, but it never weren't no good of. . . . They couldn't make nothin' out of 'im at all. I calls to mind one shoot as 'e come to, a long time back it were. 'E 'ad a new gun as 'e were mortal proud of. One o' these 'ere new-fangled things as were covered wi' catches an' nob's an' such, but it never made 'im 'it anything, however. But 'e were for ever messin' about wi' it an' a'showin' it off to the others—proud as Punch.

"'Us 'ad just finished the mornin' shoot, an' 'was goin' to 'ave a bit of lunch under one of the 'edges—us 'adn't used to 'ave the lunces as they 'as now. It come out on a pony an' us used to 'ave 'im where us was. Well, 'e were a'showin' off this gun of 'isn to the other gentlemen, an' 'e sez: "This be a special sort o' safety catch—if I presses down this catch and pulls the trigger—" Well, 'e'd 'ardly said the words when "bang" goes the gun—an' by Goy! 'e shot the pony as were a'standin' some way off, wi' the lunch in a couple o' panniers on 'is back. It weren't near enough to do no more than draw blood, but it stung that pony up smartish, an' afore us could do anything, up went 'is 'eels an' off 'e sets at full gallop across country wi' the lunch a'clatterin' an' a'bangin' about. Some o' us beaters as weren't too 'mazed set off arter 'im, but it were ever so long afore us could catch 'im, and when us got 'im back to where the guns was—you never saw such a mullock as that there lunch were in. It weren't no good a'tryin' to eat it—it were more like soup than anything else. O' course, the safety catch were all right enough, but 'e'd got so many o' they things on 'is gun that 'e'd pulled the wrong 'un'.

The old man's disgust was indescribable, and he looked quite shocked when I laughed. Then he smiled: "Ah, you can laugh, sir", he said, "an' you would 'ave laughed smartish I knows, if you could 'ave sin 'is face when that gun went off. It were a fair caution'.

We walked along in silence for some time, I was still smiling inwardly at the picture Bill had drawn—then 'Bill', I said, "don't they ever rear any duck round here? That pond in Nat's Spinney that we passed today looked just the place for duck. You could put your guns outside and the birds would be bound to rise over the trees—and you'd get some grand shooting". The old man was silent. At first I thought he hadn't heard me—then he turned and I saw that he was laughing. Bill seldom laughed

out loud; it was generally a sly sort of chuckle. 'I can tell 'ee sommut about ducks', he said, 'an' it allus makes me laugh whenever I thinks on it. It were some time back, but I calls it to mind as if it were yesterday'.

Scenting one of Bill's stories, I said, 'Let's hear about it, then', and Bill began in this wise.

'What I sez is you can reckon on pheasants goin' right if you knows anything about driving 'em, and they little partridges ain't so bad either—though you 'as to be cunnin' and keep your flankers alive—but when it comes to ducks—well I never sin such perishin' things in all my life. You never knows whether they be goin' to go right at all, and very likely if they does get up they flies right out o' sight and the guns never gets a chance at 'em.

'I've sin a smartish bit o' shootin' in my time—ah! of all sorts, but I never were at anything so comical as the shoot I be goin' to tell 'e about. Some time back I were under-keeper up at the Big 'Ouse along with Albert Timms—'e were 'ead keeper at the time—but our old Squire 'e died, an' the place were bought by a Mr. Finkel somethin' I think as 'e called 'isself. 'Tweren't a right sort o' name in any case—a man 'asn't no right to call 'isself by a name like that—but 'e were more 'en 'alf a foreigner—come from over the water. 'E didn't talk like you or me neither, 'e said things so quick an' comical as I never couldn't rightly understand what 'e were a'sayin' 'alf the time. Well, 'e bought the place, an' as Albert and I were there already 'e kep' us on like. 'E hadn't bin there very long afore 'e come along one day an' sez to Albert as 'e were ever so fond of a bit o' shootin' and we were to rear a thousand pheasants. But what 'e liked best of all 'e said were duck shooting, and 'e tells Albert as 'e 'as to get three hundred ducks' eggs an' rear as many ducks out on 'em as us could.

'Well, us 'ad a job to get all they eggs an' set 'em under 'ens an' the like—an' us rears about two hundred of they ducks altogether. There were a smartish bit of a pond in the grounds as they could swim about on, so that were all right.

'Well, the time went on an' they ducks were a'growin' up, when 'e comes to us again an' 'e sez, "Now 'ow be you goin' to arrange for 'em to fly well, so as when the time fer the shoot come the guns'll get some high birds to shoot at?" At least that were what I thought 'e said, an' Albert, who didn't understand him any more than what I did, sez as 'ow 'e doesn't know. So 'e gets in all of a mullock of an excitement an' starts wavin' 'is arms about. Then 'e sez that where 'e comes from—wherever that might be—they 'ad used to blow a bugle when it were the ducks' feedin' time—so as they got to know the bugle meant food for 'em, and when the time come fer the shoot as they 'ad used to put the guns all round the pond like—and then they'd blow the bugle an' the ducks, which they'd caught up into pens the night afore an' taken off up to the top of an 'ill 'ud 'ear the bugle, an' come all a'flyin' down fer their food—an' then the guns 'ud have ever such high shots at 'em.

'Well, Albert looks at 'im and 'e sez, "Beggin' your pardon, sir—do I 'ave to blow a bugle then?" 'e sez. "That you does", 'e sez, "and if you cassen't you've got to learn 'im!" An' off 'e stumps a'wavin' 'is arms like a windmill. When 'e'd gone, Albert turns to me an' sez, "That's a fair caution. Did yer ever 'ear the like, Bill? It ain't no manner o' a job fer a gamekeeper to go a'blowin' bugles", 'e sez. "Well", I sez, "I don't know about a bugle, Albert, but you 'ad used to play the cornet in the village band—very like that'd do just as well". "Ah", sez Albert, "there were only one tune as I could play proper, an' that were 'Somewhere a Voice is Callin'. I think it were, an' I never couldn't do the middle part of that—but I don't suppose they ducks'll find any difference. I'd as well start a'practisin' as I ain't played a note fer two years come last muck-spreadin'".

'Well, us used to go down r'g'lar every day at feedin' time an' Albert used to start a'playin' "Somewhere a Voice is Callin'" to they ducks, an' I'd stan' by an' scatter their food about—but, bless 'e, they never took no notice at all at first. I don't think as they ducks could 'ave bin musical, an' anyway I don't blame 'em as it sounded a mournful sort of noise—leastways as Albert played 'im—fair give I the shivers—that it did. An' us didn't know what to be up to. Then Albert sez, "You know that old tame drake as I've got up at 'ome, Bill—us 'ad better get 'old of 'im and put 'im to feed, an' maybe they other ducks'll see 'im and come too".

'So us gets the old white drake and puts 'im to feed, and Albert very nigh blows 'is inside out on the cornet, an' arter a bit they ducks sin the old customer 'ocklin' about an' come up to see what 'e were a'doin' of. Us did this fer nigh on a month, an' at the end of the time they 'ad used to come a'flyin' up nice as

nice at the first note as Albert blew, which saved 'is wind proper—that it did!

'The night afore the shoot Albert and I an' some more on us caught up all they ducks into pens, an' took 'em up to the top of an 'ill just above the pond, ready for the next day. There was a whole lot o' guns come fer the shoot; there was Colonel James as lived at Slopton, and Master Fred an' 'is brother from our village, and a 'ole lot of foreign gentlemen—at least I think they were foreign as they all talked outlandish, ah, an' seemed to understand what they was a'sayin' too—which were more than us did. They was a rum lot, an' one on 'em come in 'is whites, brought 'is racquet an' all. 'E thought—so 'e said 'cos I 'eard 'im—as 'e'd bin asked to play tennis. 'E were a comic sight a'slop-pin' and a'paddlin' about in the mud in his tennis slippers. 'E didn't 'alf get in a pickle.

'Mr. Finkel somethin' put all the guns round the pond, an' then comes along to Albert an' tells 'im to blow. There was our George at the top of the 'ill ready to open all they pens as soon as 'e 'eard the first note.

'Well, Albert got through the first verse o' "Somewhere a Voice is Callin'", an' was a'startin' on the second and us was a'wonderin' what were up, when young Jim as 'ad come to 'elp beat sez, "By Goy, look at that, Bill!" And I looks. I shan't forget what I sin to my dyin' day. There was all they ducks in a long line a'waddlin' down the hill on their feet, led by Albert's old white drake. Ah, a'quackin' somethin' cruel they was!

'I thought Albert were a'goin' to bust 'isself, 'e blew so loud, but they ducks just come along in a solemn procession. Some of 'em got round the Colonel, who were a'standin' just where they 'ad used to be fed, an' started peckin' at 'is boots, and 'e jumped about an' waved 'is gun at 'em an' tried to poke 'em up. But they never got up—not one of 'em didn't, an' us all stood round fair 'mazed. You never sin such a comical sight in all your natural. When they found as there weren't no food for 'em, they waddles on to the pond an' starts a'swimmin' about. So us all gets clods of earth an' sticks an' tack an' shies at 'em—but they never took no notice o' that, except to swim into the middle where us couldn't reach 'em. "Get a rope at once", shouts the Boss, "get a rope!" So I runs up to the farm an' fetches a rope off of one of the waggins, and Ted 'olds one end, on one bank, and Jim 'olds the other on the other bank, an' they starts a'runnin' with the rope between 'em, just a'sweepin' the top of the water. But as soon as the rope touched 'em they perishin' ducks just jumps over it an' goes on a'swimmin' about an' a'quackin'. So Ted and Jim turns round an' brings the rope back at 'em quick—but the same thing 'appened again! They ducks just skipped over it—it were for all the world like some of our little-uns with their skip-pin' ropes on the village green—an' after they'd done it about four or five times Ted and Jim were a'laughin' so much as they couldn't go on no more.

'I sin Master Fred doubled up wi' laughter, an' I thought as 'is brother would a' done 'isself an injury, 'cos 'e threw down 'is gun, an' very nigh rolled on the groun' 'e were a'laughin' so much. An' Ernest, as was a'settin' on a wall just above us, 'e let out ever such a yell and fell off backwards and very nigh broke 'is neck.

'At last one of 'em did get up—'e weren't so fat as the others—an' started to fly about the height of your 'ead round the pond. "Ah!" says Mr. Finkel somethin' "'E flies, 'e flies, shoot, shoot!" And 'e ups wi' 'is gun an' blazes off both barrels—never went anigh the duck, though, but there was ever such a 'ollerin' from the other bank, an' one of they foreign gentlemen, the one as 'ad come in 'is whites, comes running out of 'is 'idin' place 'oldin' 'is 'ead in 'is 'ands. "You 'ave me shooted", he sez, "you 'ave me slain!" O' course 'e weren't slain, but by Goy, 'e were shot though, but 'e were the only thing as were, as directly Mr. Finkel somethin's gun went off, all they ducks got straight up off the pond an' went slick out o'sight before anyone could 'ave a shot at 'em. Yer see, there wasn't many of the guns as could a' shot at 'em. Master Fred an' 'is brother was both a'laughin' too much—and the Colonel dursen't shoot as 'is gun was all bunged up with mud from pokin' at they ducks to try and make 'em fly, and all they foreign gentlemen was a'lookin' at the one as was 'it. An' us never sin many of they ducks again. I believe Master Fred got some of 'em along the brook that evening. So you see you never can't tell what ducks'll do.

'But I don't think as Albert ever quite got over it, an' nobody dursen't say anything about skippin' ropes and "Somewhere a Voice is Callin'" to him no more. And when our Rector asked 'im if 'e wouldn't play 'is cornet at the next village concert, Albert didn't 'alf create at 'im. So us don't set no store on any duck-shootin' no more.'

Gardening

Gardening Without a Garden

By JASON HILL

IN 1829 Mr. Henry Phillips, the author of *Flora Historica*, noted that the characteristic smell of London in summer was the perfume of Mignonette from the window-boxes; but since then '*l'odeur du monde est changé*', and now window-boxes are not very common and are almost confined to the houses of the very rich and—where they show much more character and ingenuity—to those of the very poor. It is a pity that this, the most unselfish of all luxuries, should have gone out of fashion and, where it survives, should be treated so perfunctorily, for the window-box, which is usually ordered ready made, can so easily be a true window garden, with as much character as the other ornaments and fittings of the house. And since such character will be determined by the personal taste of the householder it would be out of place to do more than indicate the kind of plants that are available and to suggest a few lines along which fancy may proceed.

The window-box is almost always a temporary garden and therefore the plants most suitable for it are those which will flower throughout their tenure and will not live beyond it; but, even within these limits, there is a fairly wide range of choice among the dwarf annuals and bedding-out plants. The wise window-gardener selects his material with a plan in mind and chooses most of his plants in flower; there is a world of difference between, for example, a display of Pansies, carefully matched and composed into a colour pattern, and a haphazard collection. It is well to remember that nearly all the brilliant short-lived plants demand full sun, but that, given a south aspect and a reasonable summer, a window-box is a very warm kind of wall-garden in which the most avid sun-lovers such as *Gerbera*, *Gazania* and *Mesembryanthemum* will flourish.

For the shady window we have at least Pansies, Violettas, Quilled Daisies, that doll's house annual *Ionopsidium acaule*, Forget-mè-Nots and the Welsh Poppy, and we may remind ourselves that the despised Lobelia looks its best in shade.

The kitchen is seldom given a window-box, but there is no reason why it should not have a supply of Mint, Parsley and Chives always fresh and ready to hand; Chives may sometimes be seen in a pot in kitchen windows in France, and it is decorative, with its flowers like a lilac-coloured Thrift, as well as useful.

A window-box is not necessarily merely a summer show, and those who are confined to their rooms can make a permanent garden of it; there are many dwarf plants to choose from, but perhaps one or two suggestions may be offered: for a winter view the little huddled Ivy (*Hedera conglomerata*) might be remembered and the dwarf Box (*Buxus japonica*) which turns a pinkish cinnamon brown in hard weather; though the sparrows wanton with the spring crocuses they usually ignore the slender violet goblets of *Crocus speciosus* in the autumn; the dwarf willows, such as *Salix pygmaea* and the choice *S. Boydii*, soon grow into little gnarled trees and

it is a delight to watch their leaves unfolding in the spring; *Rosa Roulettii* does not grow more than 3 or 4 inches high and looks more at home in the window-box than on the rock garden; those who would like to be reminded of the mountains, but are diffident of growing Alpine plants in a town, may be encouraged by remembering that London Pride is an Alpine Saxifrage and that *Eritrichium namum*, the most irreconcilable of high Alpine plants, recently flowered in Brixton with sudden splendour. But this kind of window gardening is for special circumstances, and, in general, the window-box is to be considered as part of the decoration



Petunia in a hanging basket

Drawing by John Nash

of the house and must be in harmony with it; gay flowers do not suit every house (some people, indeed, may feel that pink Geraniums look a little frivolous on Broadcasting House), but Myrtle, Rosemary, dwarf Lavender or slips of Weeping Willow may take their place, and continue their life elsewhere when the season is over.

The hanging basket has gone out of fashion with the window-box and we are losing sight of several good old trailing plants, whose graceful habit of growth—of dependent branches and resurgent flowers—is displayed so well in this kind of gardening. The Petunia is one of the most notable of these, and we can have it either in its naturalistic form of velvety purple and violet trumpets (sweetly scented) or in the baroque motley of the frilled and crimped varieties, which associate very well with the blotched and pied Calceolarias. *Campanula isophylla* is another good plant, which was one of the rarest in the world, inhabiting only one small stretch of cliff in Italy, until it made itself at home in our cottage windows.

Where a roof or backyard is available the owner's personal taste and general knowledge of gardening have a fairly wide field for ingenious contriving and only a reminder or two is in place: that a sunless backyard and a sylvan glade provide a rather similar climate for plants and that the superficial unlikeness may be diminished by planting ferns and woodlanders; that most evergreen shrubs tolerate shade and appreciate shelter from the wind (e.g. *Osmanthus Delavayi*, *Camellia* and *Periwinkle*); that the Scarlet Runner Bean is a handsome and rapid climber, and that the Alpine Strawberry likes a little shade, and provides fruit in the autumn, but may need to be hand-fertilised in the heart of a town.

For those who have neither roof, yard, nor window-box there is still scope for gardening. The kind of plant that we want in the house, if we have no garden, is one, I think, that we can watch growing, and something more interesting than the slow unfolding of the *Aspidistra*'s morbid grace. It is possible to grow almost any plant in a living room by taking trouble, and I know a determined man who made the tropical Elk-horn Fern grow on a drawing-room wall in Finchley, but few of us are so pertinacious or so willing to sacrifice the amenities of the home, and most of us prefer to find a plant that is willing to share our normal conditions of indoor life. In this the Cactus, the *Hausfreundchen*, is pre-eminent, for it will tolerate even central heating, and may be left for weeks without attention, but there are good books devoted to its charm and culture. At the opposite extreme are the Ferns, which are singular in their ability to live sealed up in a private atmosphere of their own, and an old book on fern-culture devotes an elaborate chapter to 'The Fernery by the Fireside'. Most of them dislike sunlight, so that we can watch the changing design of a miniature specimen unfolding in the still, hermetic atmosphere of a bell glass on our writing-table.

Between the Ferns and the Cactus are the Fuchsias, woodland plants which are admirable in the house, for it is at close

quarters that we can best appreciate the fine poise and design of their flowers, while their strong colours and clear-cut lines hold their own in any surroundings; these qualities are most marked in the single forms and especially in the florist's varieties, such as *Marinka*, *Flocon de Neige* and *Rose of Castille*, but if space is very limited we have *Venus Victrix*, which carries its elegant ivory and mauve ear-rings at 3 or 4 inches, and the slightly larger *Telegraph* in violet and cardinal red.

There are several succulent plants that need only slightly more attention than the most easy-going of the Cactuses, and it will be found, I think, that the bold, symmetrical curves of the old Partridge-breasted Aloe take on a new value when they are removed out of their usual setting, between the lace curtains and the canary, into association with modern interior decoration.

The Scented Geraniums (*Pelargoniums*) not only provide a great variety of fragrance, from rose, lemon and labdanum to peppermint, but discreetly give it off only when they are touched, and many of them have flowers eyed and blotched in surrealist designs.

The materials for the last and simplest kind of house-gardening are obtained by exploring the woods and hedgerows towards the end of winter, selecting a small rugged stump or gnarled branch, which carries living side-shoots, trimming it into a simplicity of line and arranging it in a shallow bowl or wide-mouthed jar with plenty of water. Almost any deciduous tree will provide this material, but particular attention may be given to Willow, Elm, Larch, Crab Apple and Beech, especially where they have been cut back in previous years; the small pruning saw and secateurs, which are requisite, will be used, of course, with care and consideration. Leaves, catkins and flowers will slowly break out on these bare excerpts of the wood (the willows will give out also a decorative tangle of translucent pink roots) and they may be used for composing pictures in three dimensions with the early spring flowers.

Short Story

Lie Thee Down, Oddity!

By T. F. POWYS

THOUGH the sun shone with summer heat, the damp August warmth, giving the rather faded countryside a new glow in her cheeks—for there had been a good all-night's rain—yet Mr. Cronch wore his black felt hat, of the cut that used to be worn by evangelical clergymen in the last century.

The Honourable George Bullman, who employed Mr. Cronch as head-gardener, had spoken to him some years before about this hat of his, which was the only thing about Mr. Cronch that gave a hint of peculiarities. 'Your Methodist hat will be the ruin of you one day, Cronch', Mr. Bullman had observed, while discussing with his gardener about the making of a new lawn.

Mr. Cronch was mowing the lawn; he had bid the under-gardener work elsewhere. To please and humour Cronch, Mr. Bullman used no motor mowing-machine. Cronch did not like them. But the under-gardener had hardly looked at the old-fashioned mower before he complained that such labour was beyond his power. To push all day such an awkward instrument 'that might', the young man said, 'have been used by Adam' was out of the question for anyone who understood the arts and fancies of oil-driven machinery.

Mr. Cronch did the work himself. 'One has, you know, to pay for one's oddities', he told his wife, Jane.

At Green Gate House the grounds were always in the best order; there was never a weed in the kitchen-garden or a plantain on the lawn, but in one place, bordering the lawn, there were railings, and over these railings there was the heath.

A different world, that looked with contempt upon the soft pelt of a smooth lawn, which was indeed like the skin of a

tamed beast that did nothing else but lie and bask in the sun while its sleek hide was being curry-combed by Mr. Cronch. The heath was a different matter from the garden. All was nature there, and she is a wild, fierce, untutored mother. Flowers and weeds, unnoticed, lived there, fighting the battle of their lives, careless of man, but living as they were commanded to live at the first moving of the waters. The raven and the falcon nested in the tall trees beyond a desolate swamp, and only a solitary heath-cutter might sometimes be seen with his load, taking a long track towards the waste land. Who, indeed, would view such barrenness when there was the Honourable George Bullman's garden to admire?

Mr. Bullman could afford a good gardener. The head-gardener's cottage, where Mr. Cronch and his wife lived, had every comfort of a modern well-built house. No servant of Mr. Bullman had anything to complain of. No one would leave such service, could they avoid doing so.

Over the heath, even the winds blew differently from the gentle garden ones. Out there the blasts could roar and bellow, wrench the boughs from the trees, and rush along madly, but in the summer-time garden all winds were soft.

Mr. Cronch stopped. He took the box from the mower and tipped the cut grass into the wheelbarrow. The wheelbarrow was full of sweet-smelling grass. Mr. Cronch then whistled softly, and Robert, the under-gardener, left his weeding and trundled the barrow to the cucumber-frames. He returned with the empty barrow at a slow, even pace—the gait of a well-paid gardener, as learned from Mr. Cronch.

Mr. Cronch began to mow again. He came near to the railings beyond which was the heath. Then he stopped. He

took off his hat and looked into it. He looked at the lawn. Nowhere in the world, out of England, could any lawn have been smoother or more green. There was not the smallest clover leaf there that was not consecrated to the fine taste of a proper gentleman and ready to be pressed by the elegant foot of a real lady. The smooth banks, the beds of flowers nearby, might have been a modern picture in colours; they were so unlike nature. There was nothing rude or untidy there, and every cabbage in the kitchen-garden wore a coronet.

Mr. Cronch should, after a little rest, have continued to push the machine, but instead of doing so, he looked over the railings at the heath.

Mr. Cronch had not changed, as the garden was changed when it became the heath. He was the same Mr. Cronch who had, at one o'clock, cut the finest cucumber in the garden for Mr. Bullman's lunch. He waited for another moment or two and then softly put on his hat. After doing so, he spoke aloud, 'Lie thee down, Oddity!' said Mr. Cronch.

Then Mr. Cronch shook his head, as much as to say that if the Oddity would not lie down, it was no fault of his. For such a being it was impossible to control. Had the Oddity lain down, then Mr. Cronch would have gone on with his work, as a wise man should, who earns four pounds a week, with a good house and garden, and with leave to sell whatever he likes from his master's.

But Mr. Cronch did not start work again. It was no good; whatever happened to him the Oddity must be obeyed. The Oddity knew best. Mr. Cronch left the machine where it was, near to the railings. He walked, with the same slow gardener's walk—that showed, as much as any walk could, a hatred of all untidiness and disorder—and came to the potting-shed. There he put on his coat.

The hour was three in the afternoon. Mr. Cronch learned that from his watch. Then he listened. What he expected, happened; the church clock that was just across the way struck three.

Mr. Cronch's watch was always right.

It was no use mentioning that to the Oddity. He would not lie down the more because Mr. Cronch's gold watch—a gift of Mr. Bullman's—went with the church time.

Mr. Cronch shut the potting-shed door and went home. He remarked, when he saw his wife, as though he said nothing of particular interest, that he had given up work at Green Gate House. He told her to begin to pack, for they were leaving the gardener's cottage as soon as possible.

Jane thought him mad, and when the under-gardener, Robert, heard of it, he blamed the mowing-machine. 'To have to push anything like that would drive any man away', he said to Mr. Bullman.

The Honourable George Bullman was anxious that Mr. Cronch should still remain in the gardener's cottage. He would give him a pension, he said, for he did not want to lose so good a neighbour, whose advice he valued so highly. Mr. Bullman, of course, blamed the hat for the trouble.

Jane wished to stay, but as the Oddity would not lie down, Mr. Cronch said they must go.

About two miles away from Green Gate House, upon the heath, there was a wretched cottage that had once been inhabited by a rabbit-catcher. Mr. Cronch chose this hut as a residence. About an acre of land went with it. Mr. Cronch repaired the cottage with his own hands, and put up new railings round the garden. In order to do this neatly, he spent most of the money he had saved in service. Then he began to reclaim the garden, that was fallen out of cultivation and was become heath again.

The wild spirit of the waste land struggled against him. But here the poverty of the soil met its match. Nature is no respecter of persons; she gives alike to the good and to the evil. The potato-blight will ruin a good man's crop as well as a naughty one's. The heath was not a curry-combed creature, tamed with milk and wine. It was a savage animal, now friendly

and kind, now cruel and vindictive, then mild. One day smiling like a pretty maid, and the next biting at you with ugly-shaped teeth.

There was no pleasant shelter there, no glass-houses, no high walls, no trimmed box-hedges. The winds of heaven had free passage, a snake could roam at large and find only its natural enemies to attack it. The wild birds had rest. Mr. Cronch bowed his head and laboured. It needed a better man than nature to cast him down. With the Oddity asleep, he could go on with his work. There was no need for him to rest, he was an obedient servant. He required no telling what to do in the way of work; even the Honourable George Bullman had put himself under Mr. Cronch's guidance. While he had hands and tools he could compel the most sour-tempered soil to serve his needs. His broad shoulders were ever bent over the ground as he turned the earthen clod.

It was not long before Mr. Cronch compelled the heath to pay him tribute, and soon a pleasant cottage and a large well-cultivated garden arose in the wilderness. There were many who respected Mr. Cronch for leaving so much good at Mr. Bullman's to do battle with nature upon the heath, but others said he only left his master out of pride. Mr. Cronch smiled when he heard that. 'Here was a fine matter, indeed', he thought, 'that a mortal man should have pride—a nice folly to call a leaf proud that is driven willy-nilly before a November gale. A fine pride that leaf must have when, at the last, it is buried in a dung-hill!'

But if Mr. Cronch was proud, as some thought, it was only because he had the knowledge that, within him, something slept. . . .

Mr. Cronch was resting contentedly one Sunday, reading a country paper. Even that morning he had been busy in his garden, and was glad now to rest while Jane prepared the dinner.

Mr. Cronch sat there, a simple respectable working-class man—in years too—wearing spectacles, and reading his paper.

He found something to read that interested him, for he read the same paragraph three times.

This was a police case. An old woman, who was employed on Saturdays by the Stonebridge town clerk to scrub his floors, had found upon the dining-room floor a blank cheque. This cheque she had filled in herself, and because she was a simple woman, without pride, she had written the town clerk's name instead of her own.

For thirty years Mrs. Tibby had kept herself and her husband, John—who spent all his time in leaning over the town bridge to watch the water flow under—and now his one wish was to go to London to see the king. His wife wished to give him this treat 'E do need a holiday', she said.

When a charwoman picks up money she has a right to it. Mrs. Tibby thought the cheque money. Money, after a card-party, which there had been at the clerk's, is often left on the floor for the sweeper—that is the custom of the country.

Mrs. Tibby was not greedy; she only wrote 'four pounds' upon the cheque. She supposed that sum to be enough to take her husband to see the king. If the clerk were annoyed, she knew she could work the money out in scrubbing the floors.

When she was taken up, she could get no bail, so she went to prison.

Mr. Cronch carefully folded the paper.

The month was November. Over the heath, dark sweeping clouds, like great besoms, were driving. The two ravens, who nested in the high fir tree, enjoyed the wind. The mist from the sea brought memories to their minds; they remembered stories told of men hanged in chains on Blacknoll Mound, whose bones could be pecked clean. The ravens flew off and looked for a lamb to kill.

Mr. Cronch laid the paper on the table, beside a smoking dish of fried beef and onions—there were other vegetables to come—and a rice pudding.

Mr. Cronch rose slowly and sniffed.

But the Oddity would not lie down. So Mr. Cronch told his wife he was going out. The distance to Stonebridge was twelve miles. Mr. Cronch put on his overcoat; he went to a drawer and took out twenty-five pounds. He put on his large black hat, opened the cottage-door and went out—the rain greeted him with a lively shower of water-drops. Jane let him go. She supposed him to be in one of his mad fits, that the Giant Despair in the *Pilgrim's Progress* used to have.

Mr. Cronch walked along, with his usual slow steady step—the gait of a careful gardener. When he reached Stonebridge he was not admitted into the jail, and so he took a lodging for the night.

In the morning he visited Mrs. Tibby. 'I wish to be your bail', he said, cheerfully.

Mrs. Tibby was in a maze. She did not know what she had done wrong. She was happy where she was, she was allowed to gossip with the prison charwoman, who was an old friend of hers. She begged Mr. Cronch, if he wished to be good to her, to allow her to stay with her friend, and to take her husband to London to see the king. Mrs. Tibby liked the prison, 'Everyone is so kind', she said, 'and when I complained to the doctor about my headaches, he ordered me gin. I have never been so happy before'.

Mr. Cronch found Mr. Tibby smoking his pipe and leaning over the town bridge. He told him he was going to take him to see the king, and Mr. Tibby agreed to go, but first he knocked his pipe out on the stone coping of the bridge.

When they reached London, the king was out of town. He was soon to return, and Mr. Tibby spent the time happily, smoking his pipe and leaning over Waterloo Bridge, although the fog was so dense he could not see the river. When the king came, Mr. Cronch took Mr. Tibby into the crowd to see the king go by. Mr. Tibby sang 'God Save the King', and shouted 'Hurrah!' The king bowed.

'Now I shall die happy', said Mr. Tibby, 'but how shall I get home?'

Mr. Cronch paid his fare to Stonebridge, and saw him off at the station.

The weather had improved; a brisk wind from the south-west had driven off the fog. Mr. Cronch, to please himself, walked into the city. He had fifteen pounds in his pocket, and he looked into the shop-windows. He still wore his large black hat, and the beggars avoided him. They thought him a Jewish money-lender, or else a Baptist minister. Beggars are shrewd judges of character. They have to decide quickly. Their income depends upon it. To beg from the wrong man means loss of time—perhaps prison.

Mr. Cronch went down a narrow street where some offices were. One of these was the office of a money-lender. A gentleman, who looked worn out by sickness and trouble, came out of that door. A woman, his wife, who carried a baby in her arms, waited for him in the street. The gentleman shook his head. Evidently the security that he had to offer was not good enough.

Then there arose a little conversation between them.

'I could go to mother's', the woman said.

'If I had money, I could go with you', the man observed, 'the change would do me good, and I might get work in Bristol'.

'Baby will be easier to manage in a few months', the woman said. 'Mother will not mind taking us, but you will have to stay here'.

'I can't let you go', said the man.

He made a curious sound in his throat.

Mr. Cronch stood near on the pavement. Who would have noticed Mr. Cronch? The couple paid no heed to him. But presently they turned to where he stood, for Mr. Cronch spoke.

'Lie thee down, Oddity!' he said, aloud.

The gentleman smiled, he could do nothing else. The baby held out her arms to Mr. Cronch; she wanted his hat. Mr. Cronch took two five pound notes from his wallet and gave them to the woman. Then he walked away.

For his own pleasure, he walked out of the city into the poor parts of the town. He walked along slowly and looked at the vegetables in the greengrocers' shops. He wondered that people could buy such old stuff. If he offered anything like that at

the Weyminster market, he would never find a purchaser. He remembered the lordly freedom of the wild heath. There, nature might be cruel, but life and death joined hands in the dance. The sun could shine, and when darkness came it was the darkness of God. The town was different.

Mr. Cronch went down a dingy court. Clothes were hung from house to house, and barefooted children played in the gutter. The air was heavy with human odours and factory stench. Then Mr. Cronch came upon something worse than misery.

A man sat leaning against a wall, with half his face eaten away. His eyes were gone; he cried out to everyone whose foot-step he heard, to lead him to the river. When Mr. Cronch came by, he cried out the more. Mr. Cronch stopped.

'Lie thee down, Oddity!' he said, angrily.

'Lead me to the river', the man begged.

'Come', said Mr. Cronch, and led the man to the river. A policeman, who knew the man's wish, followed them. At the brink of the river, the man said, 'I am afraid; only give me one little push, and I shall die'.

'Certainly', said Mr. Cronch, and pushed him into the river. The man sank like a stone.

The police officer came up to demand Mr. Cronch's name and address; he had made a note of what had happened.

'You will appear at court, charged with murder', he said. 'But now you may go!'

Mr. Cronch walked out of the great city. He had enough money to take him home by train, but he liked walking. As he went along he decided to plant a part of his garden with spinach. He had seen a good deal of this green stuff in the London shops, and he thought he could sell it at home.

He walked ten miles out of town, and then took a lodging for the night. Since the Oddity had risen last, Mr. Cronch had behaved just as a sober gardener would when out for a holiday. When he came to an allotment, he would look into it to see what was grown. He found the ground good. But he believed that more glass might be used, and the city dung, he thought, too heating for the soil. He was especially interested in the window-flowers that he saw, but wondered that no hyacinths were seen, the bulbs having been all planted too late to bloom at that season.

Starting his walk again the next morning, Mr. Cronch came upon a large crowd watching a high factory chimney. This immense chimney, as high as the clouds and weighing many thousands of tons, was being brought down. The workmen were busy at its base, and the crowd watched from a safe distance.

All was ready for the fall; the masons and engineers left the chimney. But one of the men remained to give the final stroke that would cause the huge structure to sway and fall. This mason completed his task, and began to walk to safety.

When he was a few yards off the chimney, he trod upon a wet plank, hidden in the mud, and fell heavily. The spectators expected him to jump up and run off. But he did not do so.

An official held his watch in his hand, 'One, two, three', he counted. When he reached sixty seconds the chimney would fall.

Its direction was known. It would fall directly upon the man. He tried to rise, but his leg was broken. He tried to crawl, but the pain prevented him. He raised himself up, and looked at the huge mass above him; he knew what was coming. None of the onlookers moved. It was too late to save the man; to go to him would mean certain death.

The chimney began to totter, to rock.

Then Mr. Cronch said softly, 'Lie thee down, Oddity!' but the Oddity would not listen to him. Mr. Cronch spoke in so low a tone that perhaps the Oddity never even heard what he said.

Mr. Cronch walked, with his slow gardener's step, to the man.

'What are you afraid of?' he asked him.

'Of the chimney', cried the man, 'it's falling'.

'What if it does fall', observed Mr. Cronch, looking up as though he thought the huge mass above him was a small pear-tree.

'It's coming', cried the man.

Mr. Cronch took off his hat. The man smiled.

*Writers of America—VIII**An Author Both Sides of the Atlantic*

By FORD MADOX FORD

Mr. Ford Madox Ford, who can be counted as both an American and an English author, concludes the series on American literature by contrasting, from his own experience, the literary scene in London and New York

IT is, they say, an unclean bird that prefers another to a city in which it was born. But you cannot draw sunlight without putting in shadows nor render conditions without making comparisons that to one side or another must seem odious.

New York is a centre and all America around her is a vast hive of buzzing literary life, of an inescapable literary contagion. London is the vastest assemblage of the kindest common people in the world. No doubt within a radius of twenty miles of Threadneedle Street there sit in garrets fierce and lonely geniuses writing bitter masterpieces. But how, even with the ear of faith, can one get to hear of them, desire to help them to careers how much one may? There is no centre where you may meet them. I do not want to be surrounded by kindly people; I can do without pleasing contacts; I do so year in year out. I want fierce, bitter, jealous friends who will try eventually to cut my throat but whose whole, sole and lifelong passion is for the pages they will blot before extinction claims them. So I regard myself, and am generally regarded, as an American writer.

I will tell you. Some years ago I had occasion in New York to let drop casually in an article twenty words saying that I considered M. René Béhaine to be the greatest living novelist. Two days later the manager of the French department of Brentano's told me that he had had already more than a hundred and twenty orders for *Dans la Foule Horrible des Hommes*. And the great majority of the buyers were publishers, publishers' readers and reviewers. The article in which I expressed that opinion was published by accident in London. Not one single copy of M. Béhaine's books was ever ordered in that city.

The moral I wish you to draw is not that I am a literary Panjandrum in Gotham. The same result would have been produced if any one of thirty regular critics in that city—or writing from London—had uttered the same words. But in New York, amongst the very class that in London is the most nonchalant and impatient of new writers—the publishers, publishers' advisers and reviewers—there is an avidity to know what is being done anywhere in the world. When I was in London recently I asked at least a score of literati or literary business men whether there were in London any young people of genius, or even of promise, writing books. I was sure that there must be. If I am writing odiously it is against conditions, not against my brothers of the pen. The twenty answers I got were all the same. There were none. All the answerers prayed for was to be preserved from new writers.

London is Too Big

The reasons are partly geographical, partly social. London is vast. On the ground New York is tiny. I walked London streets forty years and did not meet more than half-a-score of times a literary friend or even a person of any distinguished intelligence. In New York if I go out of my apartment on West Tenth Street, I shall meet before I get to the corner, Mr. Herbert Gorman, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Tate, William Rose Benet—a year or so ago he would have been with the ever lamented Elinor Wylie—and Mr. Untermeyer. And before I have got, on the Avenue, to Twenty-Third I shall have met Mr. Dreiser and half-a-score of writers lying, as it were, between Mr. Dreiser and Mr. Gorman. I can make dates for meeting those persons and talking.

But London is so vast that, if you want to see a couple of colleagues you must go to a cocktail party beyond Chiswick at six-thirty and to dinner in Well Walk, Hampstead, at

seven-thirty. You must jettison one or the other. And there is no centre where in the street or in a café you can be certain—but certain—of meeting anyone you could want to meet. And the London climate is so appalling that for half the year you cannot walk the streets without so disturbed a liver that the idea of meeting your kind fills you with distaste. I do not think the Londoner knows how appalling his climate really is. If he did he would certainly do something about it. Charles II has a great deal to answer for. It was he who said that the English climate was the best in the world because in England there was no day on which a man could not there go abroad.

A corn-chandler would go bankrupt in a month if he could not meet other corn-chandlers with whom to discuss his problems and to continue him in the illusion that corn-chandling was a dignified occupation and the life of one of his trade worth living. Still more so with the writer. You may be as jealous as hell of every other writer; even then the sight of one whose work you detest on the other side of Fifth Avenue will spur you to mental effort. It will keep you keen. He will be wealthier than you. Every other writer you can meet will of necessity be wealthier than you. That will be disagreeable. Nevertheless you are buoyed up with the idea that relative wealth is possible for one of your vocation. Or, if by any miracle the fellow on the other side of the street is poorer than you, you know he is a better writer and say to yourself: 'Good Heavens, I'll see if I can't do better than that cheesemite yet!'

The Writer Needs Stimulus

However you take it, it is stimulus. If not the whole talent, then at least the pabulum of the writer's art, comes in queer shifts and slants of thought about writing—and those can only come from outside you. Unless you re-aerate your brain with continual external contacts your brain can only go round and round like butter-milk in a churn. Of course, there are books. You can turn to page 43 of *Madame Bovary* to see how Flaubert got an effect near to which you may want to come. But a mere word about his methods from a good writer or a bad one may be of more use to you than a wilderness of masterpieces in a library. I do not say that it will, but it may. And that lottery chance costs nothing.

And, in New York, underneath that world of your fellows in which you so easily move, is the tremendous excitement of the trade. I will concede that, from the standpoint of melancholy Bloomsbury, New York advertisements of books are 'vulgar'. They are: but they are also evidence that the New York trader is at least keen and you may know that you are wanted—or that some day you may be wanted—by efficient people ready to take long odds. And it is essential to know that you and your work have a chance of being desperately wanted. I do not profess to be by any means popular in the United States, but hardly a month—certainly never a year—passes without my getting a letter from a firm of publishers saying: 'We notice that your publishers, Messrs. So & So, have failed. If you have not already made arrangements with another House we shall be glad . . . ' and so on . . . The majority of my later books have not even been published in London. I do not mean that that is wrong. They have usually a slant too American much to appeal to the London reader. But books so English that you would think no American could understand them find in New York publishers and immense publics. Of course, the Londoner does not want to know of anything that goes on outside London, whereas the American of the reading class is desperately anxious to know, if only for

purposes of comparison, what goes on in London and Paris. *Fas est ab hoste doceri* is a very good motto. And I used to have an—American—uncle who used to say:

'I do admire the English for one thing. . . . Every American says that he and America are the cocks of the walk of the world. . . . And does not believe it. . . . The Englishman never says those things about himself and his god-damned country. But he knows they're true!'

I was at a party not so long ago at an embassy in Paris. A charming boy, obviously an attaché to some chancellery or another, was talking to a charming American lady. She listened to him with some puzzlement for a little time and then said:

'You are American, aren't you?' He answered: 'Good God, no!'

That attitude is very admirable, but not helpful to the sale of books.

Social Status of the Writer

And then there is the social side. If, in New York, I go to dinner with a family of, say, ex-Presidential rank, I am set at the right hand of the charming hostess, a dish on the menu is named for me—*Salade d'Avocado à la F.M.F.* or what not. And what I say is listened to. Not because I am a good writer or because anyone there will have read one of my books—but simply because I am a writer. Any old writer. I might prefer to be read—but it is stimulating to consider that one's craft is so honoured.

If I get an invitation to a dinner in London from, say, the daughter of a peer who is the widow of a Liberal ex-Privy Councillor, she will be sure to add a postscript to the effect that she immensely admires one of my books and quote the title wrong. But at her dinner my precedence will be that of one a little after the governess and a little before the butler. And these things matter immensely to the Art of Writing.

In New York, in fact, your honorary social position as just writer will be at least that of a deputy manager for a great firm of publicity agents; for your product has as much chance of earning for you pomp and circumstance as any canned goods or odour-destroying soap. That is reasonable. A great London publisher the other day assured me that there are not in the whole of England six novelists who earn four hundred a year by their novels alone. A New York publishing expert, long after the Wall Street Crisis had done its worst, assured me—with expletives—that in the United States there were at least several thousand that earned over—and some immensely over—ten thousand dollars a year by their books alone. I do not say that either of these statements is true. But they are at least symptomatic.

Great Books But No Literature

So, in England, you may have great books. I daresay you have. But you can have neither a literary atmosphere nor a literature. For a literature does not of necessity mean preposterous and forbidding masterpieces; it means that, as in Chicago or Des Moines or Pike's Peak—or Toulon—you can go to a railway bookstall and pick out any book with at least some chance of finding that it is eagerly written, dramatically conceived and at the very worst not ignoble. . . . It means that, all over the Continent, from Nashville, Tennessee to Greenwich Village; in the commuters' homes of Oak Park, Ill. as in the lonely farms of the great corn belt, there are vital creatures, bent over typewriters, saturated with living and sure that writing is the proper work for a proper man. I had not been in London ten minutes after twenty years of absence when I felt a familiar sneaking feeling come into my backbone; I wanted to dodge past real people. And within an hour I fell into conversation in an Underground Train with a gentleman who told me he was an importer of hides. Before I knew where I was I had told him that I was a pig-breeder.

But when, a he-man, I stride along Fifth Avenue, I know

that as a writer I am the equal of every street-sweeper, of every cow-puncher, of every Wall Street broker, of every salesman of stove-pipe elbows or rubber pants, and of every deck-hand of the *Gloucester* fleet on the storm-tossed Banks. And when I go into my favourite ex-speak-easy on East Forty First the girl who gives me the check for my hat and cane will, on a Monday, say:

'I saw your portrait in the *Times* yesterday, Mr. F. Jee: it made me happy all day!' She will have showed it to every one she met and said that she knew that guy.

Obviously the reader must make allowances for the personal equation—a man who may be reasonably popular and enjoy himself in Gotham may, at the mere mention of his name in the parish of St. Marylebone, make you want to shoot your lunch. But within broad lines what I have said above is true.

London and Henry James

And it is to be remembered that, though New York, in Washington Place, gave birth to Henry James, she never assimilated him. To that even *her* digestive juices would not run. He was the greatest novelist—perhaps after Turgenev—that the world has ever seen, the most consummate artist, the most contagious figure. But that alone made him dangerous—infinately dangerous. For if a figure is so great that you have no hopes of surpassing him you are in terrible peril of imitating his tricks and having one more shy at solving his social problems. And poor dear old London who took him to her great, adorable, rag-bag of a bosom—for if you have once been a Londoner you cannot escape having moist eyes when you think of her, mackintosh and all—that great old charwoman amongst the cities has never recovered from that inoculating impact. I have brought back with me a dozen novels of the most 'thoughtful' writers in London. And what do I find? Preoccupations with minutiae of table manners, of plus-fours, of social precedence. With infinite skill and the deftest possible touches the writer will discuss for pages how you begin letters to the daughter of a marquess' second son married to a General Officer Commanding-in-Chief in South Africa or an earl's daughter lately divorced from an under-secretary of the Inland Revenue. Deftly, thus, and with infinite humour, the writer proves his acquaintance with the best people and wistfully hints at his own Birth, all the while to the throaty chuckle of the Master, vibrating in the index. I find even traces of my own device that in New York is called the 'time-shift'—but the most notable employment of that artifice I find in the work of an author who devotes a whole book to rendering his astonishment that a tweeny-maid can be as human a being as some Lady Mary or other. The Master made that discovery with Mrs. Wicks in *What Maisie Knew*, just as he made all the others in *The Ambassadors* or *The Real Thing* or *The Death of the Lion* or *The Lesson of the Master*.

But when in the Fall I go into the New York equivalent of a good pull-up for carmen and sit over a slice of admirable Virginia ham, baked and stuck with cloves, the furrier's salesman sitting next to me will point with his chin at a young lady serving at another table and will say: 'See that skoit . . . The best oil-paintist in Little Old New York . . . ' or 'The best sonnetist', as the case shall be. 'Paints pictures by hand, you understand me . . . ' or 'Writes with a pen, would you believe it!'

For of course in New York as in other centres of civilisation there is Crisis today, and unless you can get one of the Communist bosses to let you do propaganda, as a young thing, you will not have much chance of earning a living. And if you want more reverse of the medal I will tell you that, looking the other day at a fifty-pound-weight volume called *America's Heroes* and recording the exploits of every safety-pin manufacturer and chicken-canner from Sandy Hook to the Golden Gate I found no mention of Mr. Dreiser. Still, in Gotham, better than in other places, you have a chance to follow Herrick's advice—to live merrily and trust to good letters.

Two Interpretations of Cromwell

Oliver Cromwell. By John Buchan. Hodder and Stoughton. 21s.

Cromwell. By Hilaire Belloc. Cassell. 12s. 6d.

Reviewed by F. H. HAYWARD

CROMWELL, IF HE IS NOW contemplating our sorry world from the shades, must be saying that men are verily writing too much about a poor worm and not thinking enough about the ways of the Lord. During 1934 not only was his voice heard on the wireless ('Cromwell snarled at him [Downes]', is Mr. Belloc's vivid stage direction for the Trial Scene, in his 'Charles the First'), but three *Lives* of Cromwell have appeared within a few months of each other*. Of these, Mr. Buchan's, if not quite a book *de luxe*, has at least an impressive format, and the Lely portrait for frontispiece together with ten coloured maps of the battlefields. It is easily the most 'definitive' book of the three; and if the reader wishes for history that is alike dramatic in quality, discerning in analysis, and fully documented he must go to Mr. Buchan, whose book is a worthy companion to his *Life of Montrose*, Cromwell's great contemporary. The purely narrative task has not been seriously attempted by the other two writers, though to say this is not quite just to Mr. Belloc's accounts of the chief battles (well illustrated by plans); his book is a character study; and readers may as well seek in it for quotations from the Gospels as expect to find notes, sources, or authorities; it has many slips and, I think, errors, but has one or two remarkable chapters.

Maybe I am a better educationist than historian (or a worse historian than educationist); anyhow, I confess that the sharp contrast between the main conclusions of our two writers is for me one out of several intimations that there will be before long a fine battle in the world of education over the teaching of history. A needless multiplicity of school-books is one cause of the partial failure of our schools, but when there is not only multiplicity in those humble documents but fundamental conflict between important authorities, it is clear that some teachers must be dispensing as true what is really false. No doubt differences of opinion must always be, but with an organised effort they might be diminished and a more reliable kind of history begin to take shape. Meanwhile we need fewer *Lives of Cromwell* and more monographs (I believe that a valuable monograph on the Drogheda business, capable of putting Mr. Belloc right on the main facts, is begging for a publisher); and the next *Life* should be, in my opinion, the 'definitive' *Life* for the next half-century, one like Mr. Buchan's but annotated by Mr. Belloc, by Dr. —, by Professor —, and by other capable folk. As things are, the unhappy man-in-the-street and student-in-the-library suffer the extreme of bewilderment with regard to the case of Cromwell. It is not a matter of there being 'much truth on each side', but of deep disagreement.

The point at issue is whether Oliver was, excusably perhaps, the most skilful plotter and dissembler in English history, who (I give one example out of half-a-dozen) planned the death of the King several years before the tragedy occurred, and pulled one secret string after another to bring it about; or whether he was an intensely conscientious and religious man who, when off the battlefield and confronted by civic problems of enormous difficulty, was perplexed and hesitant in the extreme, weak, vacillating, dependent, and tentative until, as he thought, God had spoken through some conclusive Event or Series of Events, whereupon indecision vanished; that Cromwell was, in fact, an exemplification of Renan's principle that *les natures profondément bonnes sont toujours indécises*. The former is Mr. Belloc's view, the latter is Mr. Buchan's and my own. Both can be supported by an immense mass of evidence, but the evidence for the former is negative and that for the latter positive. There were undoubtedly some half-a-dozen periods of darkness in Oliver's life when he was considering the Next Step, and Mr. Belloc's theory fills up these gaps quite nicely. Oliver was then maturing a scheme and keeping it quiet until he could spring it on the nation, after discreetly removing the traces of his own influence!

Let me be fair to Mr. Belloc, who, within the limits that his theory allows, himself tries, rather splendidly, to be fair to Oliver. Wirepulling, he holds, is inevitable in affairs of state, and Oliver 'was compelled in sheer self-preservation to get another man out of his way'. Besides, 'all men lie'. But there you are! Self-interest plus extreme Cleverness in one particular

field (wirepulling), together with Genius in another (the battlefield), and, of course, an earnest Fanaticism—that is, broadly, Mr. Belloc's characterisation of Cromwell. The other view is that Cromwell was exceptionally unselfish and public-spirited and possessed of hardly any Cleverness, but that his earnestness together with his sense of reality gave him dominance, vision, and capacity. His mind worked slowly, except in moments of angry passion or on the battlefield (where the problem was simple and unmistakable); faced by difficult problems of politics, his mind, as Mr. Buchan says, was 'like a large vague vapour from which came ultimately a precipitate of belief'. In the case of the death of the King the final precipitation of belief came, in Mr. Buchan's opinion, when Charles, at the Christmas which preceded his death, refused to see the Earl of Denbigh. After the failure of that mission Cromwell, who during three years had desperately explored every possibility of agreement, incurring the fierce suspicion of the extremists, saw that nothing more could or should be done to save him. Then, at long last, he certainly 'killed the King'. Many years of Oliver's life are summed up thus by Mr. Buchan: he was 'compelled to take the lead in intricate and fruitless negotiations where he won a repute for crooked purposes which never left him. To his enemies his doings seemed the ingenious shifts of an ambitious man manœuvring for position. But a closer study reveals a very different case. In these months, passionately desirous of peace, he tried tool after tool, all of which broke in his hands. His sluggish conservative mind was forced to the unfamiliar tortures of thought and slowly . . . he was driven to conclusions against which all his instincts revolted'. Mr. Belloc's view is obviously just the 'ingenious shifts' view here rejected; the only change he has made is to change Oliver's motive from Ambition to Fear.

But though Mr. Belloc struggles to maintain the central fortress of his interpretation, he has, implicitly at least, surrendered the outworks so stoutly occupied in his smaller book of 1927. Readers of my *Unknown Cromwell* will discover that many of my criticisms of this earlier book are less applicable to the present one. Mr. Belloc has learnt things about the Self-Denying Ordinance and other episodes, and the charge that Cromwell's 'worst vice was a pleasure in cruelty' is reversed. Mr. Belloc notes his 'mildness in all that was not impulse', though 'where Catholicism was concerned he saw red'. The latter qualification is correct if we add to it, 'on the battlefield'; even with regard to Catholicism he became 'mild' when his fighting was over, relaxing the laws and trying to save Father Southworth.

No student wanting history for examination or thesis purposes need go to Mr. Belloc. For one thing, his book, though less full of errors than his previous one, is full of slips of haste. Twice we must read 'west' for 'east' (pp. 175, 311), we must read 'Forth' for 'Clyde' (p. 325), 'Windsor' for 'St. Albans' (p. 255), '1658' for '1657' (p. 391). James Naylor was not a Bristolian but a Yorkshireman. And, as in most of Mr. Belloc's books, his refusal to quote sources makes it difficult to know where *Histoire* begins and *Hilaire* finishes.

But viewed from another angle his book is a remarkable achievement. He tries his best to be generous to Oliver—on condition that the central thesis of (excusable) duplicity be admitted. All the old charges of the libellers go. Oliver was not cruel, not ambitious, not avaricious, not unchaste, not proud, not hypocritical (in any real sense). Mr. Belloc even gives an ingenious and kindly explanation of some of Cromwell's most ridiculous patter. Some of these discoveries he had made before, as when he noted, with great and almost inspired discernment, Cromwell's real humility. He and his subject are spiritually nearer than people imagine, and I note an absence of *Nil Obstat* on the back of his titlepage.

Mr. Buchan's book is probably the best narrative study of Cromwell that we have, and even of petty errors I have found hardly one and of major errors none. 'There could be no over-riding royal and ecclesiastical prerogatives' (p. 248) seems to me a little awkward and the quotation from Shakespeare on page 293 is slightly incorrect. The quotations from Shakespeare and others, by the way, are marvellously apt.

*The third is Dr. Hayward's own book, *The Unknown Cromwell* (Allen and Unwin, 12s. 6d.)

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Constance Markievicz. By Seán O'Faoláin
Cape. 10s. 6d.

MR. O'FAOLÁIN'S CHOICE OF SUBJECT for his new biography is in keeping with that interest he revealed, in his first volume of short stories, in the Ascendency Class of Ireland, the successors of the English invaders sent over in successive waves during the Middle Ages, under Elizabeth, and again under Cromwell. He is ironic, though not without sympathy, in his attitude to the Anglo-Irish tradition of hard drinking and hard riding, of irresponsibility and high spirits, which in some aspects shaped the early life of Constance Gore-Booth. Born of a well-to-do family in County Sligo, exceedingly beautiful, she became a renowned rider to hounds; she was presented at Court, and then took to a Bohemian life in Paris, where she met and married Count Markievicz, a Polish nobleman turned painter. He was temperamentally incapable of fidelity, and though they loved each other passionately at first and always remained friends, her marriage failed to absorb her intensely emotional energies. So far, as Mr. O'Faoláin points out, her life was well within one of the traditions of her class. He might have added that when, at the age of forty, she began to take an active interest first in the Irish poor and then in the movement for national independence, there were many Anglo-Irish precedents for her course of action. But the most exacting critic will be able to find little fault with this distinguished and memorable biography of a fantastically noble and tragically foolish woman. Mr. O'Faoláin omits none of her feather-brained, opera-bouffe antics; his eye is too honest and penetrating for that. But he never loses sight of that inner light of selfless endeavour by which her life, however erratically and irrationally, was guided, and as a result he pictures her as one of history's minor tragic comedians, in watching whom laughter is apt to choke on tears, and the satiric comment to give place, unwillingly and unexpectedly, to breathless admiration. For such a purpose as this Mr. O'Faoláin's slow, luxuriant style is excellently fitted, and he sweeps into the undeniable unity of his story innumerable aspects of the confused history of Ireland, tendencies as well as events; and finds time to elaborate a crowded background of vivid personalities, including de Valera, Arthur Griffith, Larkin, Connolly, and 'Cassie' Markievicz himself. One who knew Constance Gore-Booth well described her as 'a woman of great kindness but no natural affection'. To all intents and purposes she deserted her husband and her daughter for an idea, the idea of Irish independence. Falling under the spell first of Larkin and then of Connolly, she gave up all her time and energy to committees and schemes and discussions—Mr. O'Faoláin believes that this was a deviation from her true mission, which was to improve the lot of the Dublin poor. She founded, and armed, a body of nationalist boy scouts, and when the Easter Insurrection of 1916 broke out she, with several other women, was among the party which seized the untenable position of Stephen's Green and was afterwards forced to surrender in the College of Surgeons. She was sentenced to death but reprieved, and during the Black and Tan war after the Armistice she was often imprisoned. By this time she had become a national heroine, and when the Treaty was signed she was not long in following Mr. de Valera's lead and repudiating it as an unworthy compromise. She was imprisoned again by the Free State authorities during the Civil War, and she died, worn out, in 1927. Her body lay in state in the Rotunda at the end of O'Connell Street—it was then used as a cinema—and thousands of the Dublin poor came from the nearby slums to see for the last time the woman they had loved and respected. It was perhaps not until she was dead and safely out of the way that her heroic quality was plainly discernible among her fantastic and impracticable foolishness.

English Country. Edited by H. J. Massingham
Wishart. 7s. 6d.

'Half-droll, half-downright, the language my grandfather spoke'—Mr. H. E. Bates is writing on 'The Ouse and the Nen' in the opening essay in this pleasantly-written and pleasantly-illustrated book. 'All housed in with hedges'—Mr. Adrian Bell in the next paper is quoting somebody on Suffolk where you can get 'all balmed up with slud'. In the Sussex chapter Edmund Blunden bids his reader beware 'the week-ender's

yeoman'. On the North Riding Mr. Ivor Brown tells of 'the loneliest and loftiest of all English taverns' Tan Hill, 1732 feet up, and of many other things. 'A country of hills, seven hundred, eight hundred, nine hundred feet high', Hampshire is described by John Collier. In his 'Cotswold Village' Mr. W. H. Davies says he walks three miles in opposite directions to a place called Avening and to another place called Uley. People who are not sure whether Exmoor is in Devon or Somerset may learn from Mr. E. W. Hendy that part is in Devon and part in Somerset. Mr. H. J. Massingham's subject is 'Borderland', the region treated of in his recent book *Country*—'the southern and western Buckinghamshire which rests at the foot of the Chilterns and is leagued with the Oxfordshire Plain'. He knows 'no other area in the Midlands nor the south, and perhaps there is none in England except the peaks of its topmost little mountains, which has kept so large a liberty from human dominion'. In Norfolk we meet Mr. R. H. Mottram who tells us why he came to Harsenham and why he is so fond of it—'because so much has changed so little since the thirteenth century'. We go to Dorset with Mr. Ellis Roberts, to 'Marnhull, Motcombe, Dottery, Catherston, Wool, Cattistock, Chideock, Gussage, Sydling St. Nicholas, Compton Abbas, Melplash, Plush, Melbury Sampson, Stanton St. Gabriel, Eyfe, Ower Moigne, Tarrant Keynstone, the Tollers, Piddletrenthide, Affiddle, Tovers and Long Piddle, and Wynford Eagle and Ryme Intrinseca.' We have Miss Sackville-West for Kent and Mr. A. G. Street for Wilts, Mr. H. W. Timperley for Salop and Hugh Walpole for the Lake District, and Sir William Beach Thomas rounds all off in his workmanly way with 'happy, homely Hertfordshire'.

Noble Experiment: A Portrait of America under

Prohibition. By Sidney B. Whipple. Methuen. 5s.

Four years before the great tide of public feeling which ended the so-called dry regime, President Hoover described national prohibition as 'an experiment noble in purpose'. The descriptive phrase was not inaccurate, but it was at once and almost universally perverted into 'noble experiment', which Mr. Whipple should perhaps have refrained from using as his title. His subject was irresistible, and the material to hand was abundant and sensational. Mr. Whipple opens with a short survey of the prohibition movement, which had a legal beginning in the celebrated Maine law of 1851. It is admitted that nowhere in the civilised world can there have existed anything more bestial, as Mr. Whipple puts it, than the condition of the besotted areas of American cities and the control of the municipal and state politics by the liquor power. This constituted an irreparable disgrace of political democracy, and the decent people of America were unanimous as to the necessity of tearing up the poison roots. In other words, a prohibition movement was inevitable; and had it not been for the arrogance and intolerance of the Drys, under the leadership of the Anti-Saloon League, America would have witnessed an orderly expansion of the dry territory under conditions altogether different from those which brought the completion of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution in 1920. The period covered by the amendment and the Volstead enforcement law was nearly fourteen years, and Mr. Whipple's main theme is the cumulative horrors of that period. There is no other national experience with which it can be compared, and the story loses nothing in the telling, for Mr. Whipple combines a dashing style with a gift for condensed statement of facts. He makes a selection from the astounding portrait-gallery of gangdom, draws pictures of the speak-easies and their ways, and gives a terrifying summary of the exploits of the rum-runners of the Atlantic and over the Canadian border. Here is, of course, an astonishing adventure story, but the book would have been more serviceable if the author had made an effort to grapple with the many-sided difficulty which prohibition has bequeathed to America. Since the book was published the Drys have made a fresh start. They threaten a new national campaign, and we may assume that before long they will again be active in elections. By plunging into repeal without any agreement as to a policy of liquor control, the United States has become saddled with a multiplicity of local laws and regulations. No two States or large cities are alike. It will take years, says Mr. Whipple, to eliminate the virus of pro-

hibition and the various infections set going by unlimited violation of the law. That is true enough; and no less true is it that repeal alone has done nothing towards solving an enormous social problem.

One's Company. By Peter Fleming. Cape. 8s. 6d.

Undoubtedly literature is being burnished. The bright biography is succeeded by the bright book of travel. It all began, far back, with Samuel Butler and Norman Douglas. Recently Mr. Ackerley's *Hindoo Holiday*, Mr. Byron's *Holy Mountain*, Mr. and Mrs. Lucas' *From Olympus to the Styx*, Miss Stark's *Valleys of the Assassins* and Mr. Orioli's *Moving Along*, have each shone in its kind. Mr. Fleming travels lighter than some of these. He has no eye on the Royal Geographical Society, takes no interest in folk-lore or botany and is innocent of dialects or classical learning. After his brilliant excursion to South America he whisks us off again on a few weeks' trip through Manchukuo and down into the red area north of Canton. It is all rather breathless. Not that Mr. Fleming would wish us to be uncomfortable; we are constantly being reassured, as when an acrobat after having made us clutch our seats while he evolves in the tented roof, descends, and with that charming traditional gesture and expression, disingenuously shares our surprise and relieves our fears. 'There it is', he seems to say, 'it astonishes me as much as you'; adding however in the same breath, 'but there's nothing in it, really, once you know the ropes; and up there it all feels much the same as down here'. In justice to Mr. Fleming it should be mentioned here that he was acting as Special Correspondent.

After four days in Moscow he took the Trans-Siberian Railway to the frontier of Manchukuo; proceeded, often travelling on horse and foot, by aeroplane, lorry and 'bus; penetrated as far as Jehol; hunted bandits from Mukden with a flying column of Japanese troops. With a wave of the hand to Peking and a glance at Shanghai and Nanking he is off again to 'investigate the communist situation in South China', and hunts communists near Nancheng. And so back to England 'under contract'. On the way he interviewed Mr. Pu Yi, General Chiang Kai-shek, Mr. Wang Ching Wei and several generals and provincial governors. But the charm of the book lies in the daily incidents of travel. Mr. Fleming has an eye for picturesque and, above all, comic detail. (Once in a car he had a mild attack of nostalgia which comes somehow as a relief.) Almost every page is vivid with personal touches which anyone who has travelled in China will recognise as authentic; and from this mass of impressions there does emerge something of a picture of conditions in the two interesting areas which he visited.

Mr. Fleming abounds in the sense, which he is making all his own, of being the unpretentious happy traveller who tells no tall stories; and he is perhaps a little too frightened of being serious, informative and obvious. His politics are almost all foreground; except in one short chapter he is tantalisingly chary of conclusions and interpretations, however modest; and of course we are not allowed to accompany him into the Forbidden City lest we should witness forbidden emotions prescribed by Baedeker. But he is not frightened of physical danger and fatigue; he likes out-of-the-way places; and, since he is intelligent and writes entertainingly, we have the makings of a good book of travel. As he rightly says his first book was a success; the present one deserves to be another; and for some years still his youth (since he has made us free of *that* confidence) will continue to disarm. Meanwhile, even if he finds time to study and reflect, he will lose neither his observant eye (but he might with advantage practise a little more with his camera) nor his native sense of humour.

The Rev. Smith, Sydney. By Osbert Burdett Chapman and Hall. 15s.

Jonathan Swift and Sydney Smith, says Mr. Burdett, have often been compared. No doubt they have; it is just the sort of superficial parallel that strikes the eye. Both were dignitaries of the Church more renowned for their wit than their divinity; one was a Tory in a generation dominated by Whigs and the other a Whig in an age dominated by Tories; one achieved a deanery but only at St. Patrick's, the other only a canonry, but at St. Paul's . . . and so on. But one feels it is superficial; and why? The answer surely is that Swift was a man of genius; his work is as assured of immortality as any prose-writing in our language, and his life and character will always fascinate as only the dark and tragic figures can. Smith, on the other hand, was a man of brisk talent and superabundant vitality. He was a thor-

oughly good fellow, and everyone liked him in his own day, but it is hard to persuade us that we need remember him very vividly today. His work, even his best work, has gone the way that all mere journalism and potboilers must go. His mirth which, like Yorick's, was wont to set the table in a roar has all evaporated. He had no Boswell, and it is doubtful if he deserved one. He no doubt both said and wrote some good things. His description of a certain kind of country parson as a 'holy vegetable' is one of them. But it seems to have been mostly just jocularity and high spirits—excellent stuff, but not meant for keeping.

Smith wanted to be a lawyer but finance constrained him to become a parson. He was sent to a forlorn living in Wiltshire and started a Sunday school. He secured promotion to the rank of private tutor to his squire's sons, and went with them to Edinburgh, where he helped to found the *Edinburgh Review*, which became and remained for half-a-century the leading organ of moderate liberalism. He returned to London, and became a popular preacher and lecturer, and a welcome guest at Holland House. He secured a living in Yorkshire, and was greatly disconcerted to find that he was expected to live there. Accepting the inevitable, he became an excellent parish priest for many years. He wrote a series of brilliant 'letters' on Catholic Emancipation, which everyone enjoyed, though the Catholics were not emancipated. He preached (and published) good, plain sermons, but he had no use for Methodists or missionaries. He ended as a Canon of St. Paul's, a fine specimen of the eighteenth-century parson, untouched by the rival fervours of Wesley or of Newman.

Of such a man it would be possible, no doubt, to write a biography worth reading, but Mr. Burdett's book hardly deserves to be so described. It is pleasantly hearty, like its hero, but it is an all too casual composition, disfigured by repetitions and irrelevant excursions into modern themes wholly unrelated to the subject in hand. As for the repetitions, one wonders if Mr. Burdett knows how many times he tells us that Smith would have preferred to be a barrister! The author holds that Smith's humorous side has been over-emphasised, so he avoids most of the well-known jokes, and devotes his longest chapter to an analysis of the Lectures on Moral Philosophy. Smith tried to consign these to the waste-paper basket. They were rescued and published by his widow; but it seems possible that the husband's idea was the better one. In fact, Smith was an excellent fellow, and a good subject for an essay, but it would take a skilled hand to make of him a worth-while book of 300 pages.

The Economics of Advertising. By F. W. Taylor Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.

A large number of books have been written on the subject of advertising during the last ten years. Many of the books are of American origin, written by University professors who devoted a great deal of their time to the statistics of the subject. But this country is not lagging behind. The latest comer, *The Economics of Advertising*, is written by the head of the Commerce Department of Cheltenham College, Mr. F. W. Taylor, whose knowledge is no mere theory. He has been engaged for a number of years in the advertising business and can offer us, therefore, a considerable practical experience. In his book Mr. Taylor covers a very wide field and raises questions of national importance, which are vital to everybody who is engaged in manufacturing, distribution and sale of goods. It may come as a surprise to many to know that approximately one hundred million pounds sterling is being spent annually on advertising, in some form or other, in this country alone. Obviously such a vast expenditure of money, running into national budgetary figures, must influence to a very great extent our national life and leave its impression for good or evil on the British community as a whole.

Is this very large sum of money being spent productively or is it a mere waste of energy in competitive struggle between manufacturers? Where does this money come from? Who pays in the end for advertising? Are those right who say that it is the public that pays? There is an impression in many circles that advertising increases the cost of manufactured articles. Is that so? How are new businesses started? Is a new manufacturing concern launched just because some individual wants to 'make money', and can lay his hands on the necessary capital, or is it the result of an exhaustive market research which determines what openings there are, if any, for a new enterprise? Is it the failure of using market research to the full that results every

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year in more bankruptcies than dividend payments? How much competition is there between various manufacturing concerns that are manufacturing practically identical articles? What of the retailer? Can he possibly stock *all* the manufactured goods, does he confine his activities to goods that are extensively advertised; *i.e.* goods for which there is great public demand, or will he concentrate only on those goods that give him the largest margin of profit? Is competitive advertising necessary? Is the bulk of advertisements, nowadays, informative or do they merely serve as reminders? How far does the present-day advertising fulfil its function? In what respect do the majority of advertisements fail? Does the manufacturer who advertises extensively sell more goods than the man who does not advertise? Is it possible to sell goods without any advertising at all? How does advertising benefit the manufacturer? Does it increase his turnover, reduce the cost of raw materials in bulk purchases, bring down his overhead expenses per manufactured article and thus reduce the cost of production? What is the ratio of advertising expenditure to the reduction of costs? Is the advertised article less expensive to buy, quality for quality, than the non-advertised one? How is the £100,000,000 being spent each year? How does an advertiser allocate his advertising expenditure? What proportion of this money remains in this country and how much goes abroad? Who benefits by it? Is it the publisher, the printer, the ink merchant and the engineer who makes the necessary machinery, the newsagent and the bookseller, the financier and the shareholders? Does the public that buys advertised goods benefit at all? How does the country as a whole benefit by it? Is advertising an exact science? Can one, in accordance with some definite rules, spend a certain amount of money in a given week, in a given publication and get precisely the same results year after year?

Many such questions worry men in trade and industry who for the most part, having no theoretical and very few empirical rules, are working and are spending vast amounts of money completely in the dark. Although they know their shortcomings in this respect, it is remarkable how few of them will take the trouble to study the subject and avoid going to the quack for advice. It is a common occurrence to trust the expenditure of large amounts of money to men whose salaries average about £300 per annum. Very often advertising is the plaything of a more enthusiastic than knowledgeable board of directors who keep a dog and do the barking themselves, usually with disastrous results. Let us hope that *The Economics of Advertising* will remedy to some extent this sad state of things. Let us hope that many men who depend on advertising will take the trouble to purchase and read this book. They may not agree with everything that Mr. Taylor says, but his book will be instrumental in inducing productive thinking and will serve as an incentive to further research in this important subject.

Mesmer. By Margaret Goldsmith. Barker. 10s.

Mesmer has lately come into his own. A few years back no adequate biography of him was available in English; but recently there appeared Herr Zweig's study, and this is now followed up by something still more full and satisfying from Miss Goldsmith's pen. Mesmer's importance lies not in his theories—least of all in his idea of 'animal magnetism', which today is preserved only for purposes of denunciation in the doctrines of Christian Science—but for his practical discoveries in the field of mental healing. Before Mesmer there were the healers and exorcists of the mediæval church, the princes who 'touched for the King's Evil', the witches who used charms and spells, and a few odd individuals, like Valentine Greatrakes, who discovered that they had powers to cure, without knowing how they worked. But Mesmer was a qualified doctor, and never rested until he had formulated the principles of his method, and had done his best to persuade his profession to approve of them. Miss Goldsmith tells the story of his repeated failures to do this, in Vienna and in Paris. Mesmer was rejected and exiled by his colleagues; in compensation he became a kind of nine days' wonder to fashionable society and to the populace wherever he went. But since he was genuinely scientific at heart, he was quite unsatisfied with this kind of recognition. At last he became soured of seeking medical recognition, retired to a life of obscurity and philanthropy in Switzerland, and lingered on long after the train of thought which he had fired had caught alight in other quarters. Miss Goldsmith rightly sees that any adequate biography of Mesmer must be something more than a mere life of Mesmer; he must be put in his setting, and his ideas traced from their origin to their flowering—in Christian Science, New Thought, psycho-analysis, and so forth—in modern times. Unfortunately Miss Goldsmith is a little too definite in her judgments both of Mesmer's own theories, and of those of later date which have sprung from

them. Psycho-therapy is a fact; but it is not yet a science. We know that mental healing occurs, but we are hardly more clear than Greatrakes was, how it is done. Neither in suggestion nor in psycho-analysis are complete explanations to be found. Mesmer's ideas have not yet exhausted their fertility, and we have a long way to go before we can confidently distinguish between truth and error in this field.

Irregular Border Marriages. By 'Claverhouse' Moray Press. 5s.

The romantic-minded reader who takes up *Irregular Border Marriages*, by 'Claverhouse', should prepare himself for disillusionment. He will find, as no doubt the eloping couples discovered, that many of the celebrant 'priests' in the Borders (as in London, Edinburgh and elsewhere) were coarse-grained rascals; men who preferred 'marrying' to working because it was easier and more remunerative. How their rough jests must have grated on the ears of the pure-minded—for every class of society, at one time or another, availed itself of the Border convenience! The evidence produced in this book also tends to prove that there never was a blacksmith 'priest' at Gretna, but tourists believed in him and demanded signs of his legitimate craft. The more romantic marriages seem to have begun about 1738 and continued until 1856, becoming more numerous after the close of the Fleet in 1754. With the improvement in travel facilities they increased at a rapid pace. Registers were not always kept and many certificates were lost or destroyed. About twenty volumes have survived and particulars of these are given in this book. One of the strangest 'priests' described is one Pasley, a big, rough, hard-drinking Borderer. He is credited with having been able to bend a stout poker over his bare arm and to straighten a horse-shoe with his hands. 'For the last forty years of his life he daily drank one Scots pint (of undiluted brandy), equal to two and a quarter English measure'. *Irregular Border Marriages* contains accounts of other notables as well as a short survey of irregular marriages in other places. One would like to see the curious custom of 'hand-fasting' at Langholm discussed at greater length, as well as greater succinctness in the treatment of some other themes. It would appear that there is need for more investigation into several aspects of the subject.

Secret Ways of the Mind. By Dr. W. M. Kranefeldt Kegan Paul. 6s.

There have been so many books of introduction and explanation to the New Psychology that it would seem there is no end to the writers who are moved to grapple with this particular department of human activity, and by so doing elucidate and master their own thought. Already there is a small library of competent explanatory treatises, yet Dr. W. M. Kranefeldt's book is by no means superfluous. *Secret Ways of the Mind* cannot be considered as an introduction to modern psychology, for it assumes in the reader a considerable amount of knowledge. It is a short concise survey of the psychological principles of Freud, Adler and Jung, and it is extremely closely packed, and demands in the reading an unflinching attention. The chapter on Freud is a much-condensed précis; and is definitely unsympathetic to the master's teachings, and though this description is in no place unfair or untrue, there is a belittling flavour which would lead the reader to suppose that Dr. Kranefeldt, in his enthusiasm for Dr. Jung's doctrine, can ill-suppress an irritation towards the earlier and more materialistic school of thought. The chapter on Adler is so brief as to be only an outline sketch; yet into these few pages the whole gist of a philosophy is succinctly pressed. In the final chapter on Jung the author is more at his ease and his undisguised enthusiasm gives life and added interest to his writing. That fascinatingly attractive ground of the soul which Dr. Jung has named the collective unconscious, the author describes in a convincing, but far from facile manner. The collective unconscious can be viewed as a general and timeless form of the psyche; its contents are related to the widest conditions of life and to cosmic events. The form in which these experiences are portrayed correspond to mythical and mystical stages in the life of nature and of individual suffering. This region of the soul's activity which is so alluring to consciousness is described and analysed in not only a critical but in a creative and progressive fashion.

The introduction by Dr. Jung recapitulates much that he has published in earlier essays, but this by no means loses in value for being restated. This should prove a very useful book for students, who like to find their material summarised and compressed; many of the ideas are profoundly difficult, but they are expressed in as clear and simple a manner as is compatible with their essential difficulty.

New Novels

Lean Men. By Ralph Bates. Davies. 8s. 6d.

The Disinherited. By Jack Conroy. Wishart. 7s. 6d.

A Handful of Dust. By Evelyn Waugh. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

Reviewed by EDWIN MUIR

THE first two novels in this list belong to a different decade from the third, which, unlike them, could have been written ten years ago. They are probably no better than it as works of literature; they do not show any new advance in technique; they are simply quite different in their attitude. The most obvious way in which this difference shows itself is in the subject matter. These two novels deal with the life of the working class instead of with that of the upper and middle classes like Mr. Waugh's novel, and like almost all novels. This difference may seem superficial, but it is not so in reality, for it is a difference in attitude; and though Marxian criticism is fundamentally wrong, it is justified when it insists that the novel has been preponderantly a bourgeois form of literature, expressing the sensibility of the middle class, dealing with its problems, and assuming that it alone was important enough to merit description. Scott is probably the only novelist who wrote of the working class, or that part of it represented by the Scottish peasantry, without middle-class preconceptions; but he had a feudal view of society, seeing it instinctively as an order in which all the several ranks had their place, and so he contrived to make each important. In the Victorian age the middle class got the novel into its hands and has since maintained its hold. As it lost in vigour and grew in refinement the novel became first subtle and rarefied and then disillusioned. But it still remained by general consent the vehicle of the middle class; and when a novelist such as Jack London tried to describe life from a different point of view, he was regarded as an unimportant exception, and probably with justice in his case, for his mind was a commonplace one. Mr. Bates and Mr. Conroy set out to do something similar; to them the working class is the most important and interesting class. This conviction is the result of a faith, just as the conviction of the Victorian novelists was; and the form that it takes is communistic, or at least belongs in some way to what is called the Left. This kind of novel is explicitly political instead of implicitly, like the Victorian novel. It draws a great deal of its inspiration from a social-economic movement, and it may be objected that, such being the case, literary criticism has no concern with it on that side. The answer is that literature is not a thing by itself, and that literary movements are not exclusively literary. In reality there are no literary movements, but only general movements of thought which influence all the forms of human life in some way. Literary criticism has no concern with the truth or falsity of Marxism as a political theory; but when a Marxian novel appears, and there are two on this list, it is bound to register the fact that a new influence is taking hold of the novel and in one direction extending its scope.

Lean Men is a story of the Spanish Revolution. It is extremely uncertain in treatment, but it shows throughout an honourable struggle to be honest, and considerable literary skill. The chief figure, Francis Charing, is a young middle-class Englishman who has embraced Communism as the only hope for society and for himself. He is sent by the International to Spain to assist and report on the revolutionary movement in Barcelona. He works as a docker there and gets a flourishing communist centre started; but simultaneously his mind is distracted by two love affairs which he has left unresolved in London. This tangle is cleared up, not very convincingly, by the pressure of the tragic experiences through which he passes in Barcelona; he manages to decide, that is to say, for one of the women; and the conclusion intended to be drawn is that he thus achieves a reconciliation between the two sides of his nature—the revolutionist and the lover. It is in the portrayal of Charing that Mr. Bates' resolve to be honest is most apparent, and most seriously comes to grief. Any character whose feelings are investigated with intense seriousness involuntarily becomes an egoist; and perhaps the fact that Charing never forgets himself helps to give the impression that he is a romantic actor who finds that a revolutionary setting is effective. In any case Mr. Bates fails quite badly with his hero; but the other characters, except for the two women with whom Charing is in love, are brilliantly drawn. They are

mostly Spanish and mostly workmen, and for the first three-quarters of the story they are so vivid and natural that one feels nothing can spoil them. Then, whether through too long association with Charing, or because Mr. Bates begins to tire, they too become romantic, and the story, after a promising and well-sustained working-up to a dramatic climax, ends in bathos. After the death of most of his companions Charing is left in Barcelona with a precarious chance of getting away to safety. 'The endless dangers and difficulties of escape were clearly before him in his imagination. Could he do it? A brief respite, that was all, a little while of love and beauty, Elizabeth, music and rest, and then he would return. They would expect him. . . . They would build up the Party, fight again soon, perhaps be defeated, no matter, the workers would lose every battle but the last'. After the clear objectivity of so much of the story, such a passage comes as a shock. Perhaps in forcing up the action to its final climax Mr. Bates outran his powers. The structure of the story is indicated by the titles of the four books into which it is divided: 'The Volcano', 'The Volcano Rumbles', 'Flames in the Crater' and 'Eruption'. The second and third books are full of vivid scenes described with an exactitude which is exciting. The fourth, in which the author's fascinating crowd of Spanish characters are killed or thrown into prison, is either hasty or melodramatic, one can hardly say which, for haste often seems to produce melodrama by itself. Mr. Bates is very good indeed in his portrayal of Spanish character and his evocation of the atmosphere of revolution, and in spite of its faults the book is well worth reading.

The Disinherited is a much less ambitious book, but succeeds better in what it sets out to do. It tells the story of Larry Donovan, the poor son of an American miner, whose life, one feels, is the life of thousands of other young workmen. The book has the value of a typical social document, and the figures in it are faithfully enough drawn, though without the intimate life that imagination might have given them. There is a very good description of the effects of the present depression on the working classes in America. The story is well told; but there is something in the telling which keeps one from being as moved as one should: perhaps the acceptance of privation and misery as a commonplace of existence, an attitude which is common enough, unhappily, among the class of which Mr. Conroy writes, but is a very serious fault in a writer, whose effects depend on his sense of proportion and therefore of contrast. The book has some value because of its honesty; but one cannot feel, in spite of the announcement on the cover, that it shows any promise of a new kind of literature.

A Handful of Dust is possibly the best novel that Mr. Waugh has yet written. In it he employs with delightful skill, and sometimes with moving effect, his device of speeding up the development of action and character until the underlying motive becomes obvious without need for comment. Passions, mainly base, form the pattern of the story; but after reading it one has great difficulty in retaining an image of the characters, such empty adjuncts, or such perfect servants, are they to those passions. Mr. Waugh is an original writer, and a serious one; but what he describes is nothing more than this automatic functioning of passion, divorced from will or moral sense. He is himself a moralist, his criticism of the world he describes is implicit in the description; but he denies to his characters any moral sense at all, and that makes them untrue, and their story meaningless. There are exceptions to this generalisation, and the most memorable character in this book is endowed both with moral sense and charm. But the others are mechanical monstrosities.

Mr. Muir also recommends: *Breathe upon those Slain*, by Evelyn Scott (Lovat Dickson); *My Shadow as I Pass*, by Sybil Bolitho (Secker); *The Very Beautiful Day*, by Marcus Lauesen (Cassell); and *Earmarked for Hell*, by Ramon J. Senders (Wishart)—all at 7s. 6d.